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Atlantic Insight

April 1982, Vol. 4, No. 4



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Cover Story: In 1981, over 300 Atlantic Canadian business firms went bust. These figures—up 200% over 1980—were bad enough but 1982's could be even worse. What's to blame: High inflation or low productivity? High hopes or low margins? Probably a combination of these and other factors. Stephen Kimber investigates the complexities of economic survival in tough times

COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID NICHOLS AND ALBERT LEE



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Travel: From the high-pressure bustle of modern Tokyo to the serenity of ancient temples, from the blare of disco music in night clubs to the artful ceremony of Japanese tea, visiting Japan is an experience in a multitude of different worlds. Colleen Thompson drank the sake, sampled the food, avoided being permanently maimed by Japanese massage techniques and decided that this blend of Oriental and western culture is well worth the time and trouble it takes to get there



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Food: Take eggs—please. Maligned by the cholesterol-conscious, boiled to death, over- and under-beaten, they've had a rough time for a food that's high-

nutrition, low-calorie—and versatile. Food editor Pat Lotz shows us some innovative ways to bring them out of their shells. She's a good egg

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Editor's Letter

Moving is awful. In the past year and a half I've moved three times—twice, personally, and once, most recently, accompanied by files, notepads, office furniture, plants, unread or unedited manuscripts, woven wall hangings and my equally harassed colleagues with *their* accreted possessions.

It's *Atlantic Insight's* third birthday and we've got a new home. It's nice and once we get all the packing boxes moved out, it's going to be even nicer.

Inevitably, putting together this April issue in the winter of 1982 has brought back memories of the brave, bracing winter of 1979 when, without even a company home to call our own, we assembled the very first issue of the magazine.

Way back then the editors (two) or, occasionally, the entire editorial staff (four) met now and then in some borrowed space over begged coffee to review progress and see where we were. Then we scattered like a small but determined platoon of army ants to write, check, research, edit and, above all, to phone. We tied up our home phones mercilessly, calling contributors and each other. This went on for more than a month until, finally, we found our first home in three rented rooms on the first floor of one of central Halifax's grand old houses.

We moved in with a glee you can barely imagine. The rooms were graceful and high-ceilinged. Two of them had fireplaces. Of course, we had to share the house (and the bathroom) with a group of residents on the second floor but that seemed like a small price to pay for our elegance. People who dropped by were invited to admire the quality of our woodwork and to covet our fireplaces.

We had two good years at Coburg Road, during which we eventually bought the whole place and our buddies from the art and photography departments moved in with us. It was the art staff who invented the ingenious Coburg Data Transferral System which consisted of a long string suspended from the second



floor banister and descending to the basement which housed some of their equipment. It was at Coburg where we held the parties to celebrate our winning three national magazine awards in our first year of existence and two more in our second, and where we held those other parties to observe the comings and goings of staffers and friends, various election nights, Beethoven's birthday or anything else we could think of.

Outsiders used to say that working in our Coburg Road office must be hardly like working in an office at all and, in a sense, they were right. In was our incubator, later our crib, and, as with all such things, we eventually outgrew its cosiness.

So now we're in a real office. Not a high-rise, because that just wouldn't be us, but a handsome, restored building at 958 Barrington Street, deep in the south end of Halifax. It used to be a foundry and it has a wealth of exposed brick and stone walls inside as well as out. We're close enough to the harbor to see its sights and hear its sounds. Our next-door neighbor is a ship's chandler. We think it's going to work out all right.

We gave Coburg Road a good send-off. On Thursday, Feb. 4, having seen the last remaining bits and pieces of our March issue off to press, we gave ourselves a Going South party. The graceful, high-ceilinged rooms on the first floor were full of greenery and beach blankets, warmed by the glow of Dave Nichols' lighting equipment. There was wine, rum and piña colodas, Hawaiian, Mexican and Caribbean music and an assortment of dancing people wearing shorts, T-shirts, flowered dresses and tacky paper flowers. Next day was very quiet.

Barrington Street's businesslike interior hasn't been mellowed yet by an *Insight* party, but we have plans. It's too late this year for Beethoven's birthday but still early enough to celebrate our own.

Marilyn MacDonald

Atlantic Insight is published 12 times a year by Impact Publishing Limited, 958 Barrington Street, Halifax, N.S. B3H 2P7. Second Class Postal Permit No. 4683 ISSN 0708-5400. Indexed in *Canadian Periodical Index*. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: Canada, 1 year, \$25, 2 years, \$47; U.S.A., Territories & Possessions, 1 year, \$35; Overseas, 1 year, \$45. Contents Copyright ©1982 by Impact Publishing, may not be reprinted without permission. PRINTED IN CANADA.

FEEDBACK

A war and its weapons

One of the reasons that the environmentalists are losing the war against spray programs (*Who's Winning the War over Chemical Spraying?* Special Report, January) may be that their weapons are impotent. Their arguments lack both power and accuracy. One example is the repeated claim that pesticides cause birth defects in human babies. I have been following the literature on 2, 4-D, 4, 5-T and dioxin contaminants for quite some time, but have yet to see any evidence that they cause birth defects in man. In rats, yes, but so do aspirin,

cortisone and many other agents that we expose ourselves to. Can anyone refer me to a single convincing piece of evidence that herbicides cause birth defects in man?

*F. Clarke Fraser, MD, PhD,
Molson Professor of Human Genetics
McGill University
Montreal, Que.*

Your special report on chemical spraying is another example of why many environmentalists despair of there ever being greater public understanding of forest management. And little wonder.

Your writer helped create the political climate that made it impossible to manage Nova Scotia forests five years ago. It was Parker Donham, as a *Cape Breton Post* writer, who sensationalized incomplete medical research data concerning Reye's syndrome, who wrote 17 anti-spray editorials and then concocted the newspaper poll that he claims influenced government's decision not to spray against the spruce budworm. Now he says environmentalists are losing the war over chemical spraying, as if all environmentalists are against it. Many of us believe that populations of trees are managed in the same way as populations of fish and wildlife: By protecting their numbers and habitat. Forest crops should be treated the same as agricultural crops.

His claim that anti-spray activists were advocating better forest management as the solution to the budworm problem five years ago is specious, to say the least. Management implies protection. A dead forest cannot be managed. Forest scientists describe the Cape Breton Highlands as the continent's biggest resource management disaster. Donham also referred to me as "a sometime filmmaker who's done public relations work for the pulp industry." As Atlantic Canada's major producer of documentaries, specializing in forest and fisheries management, I am no more a PR man for industry or government than Donham is a publicist for the private and public sources of his income.

*Kingsley Brown
Monk's Head, N.S.*

Setting the record straight

As a matter of historical interest, would you please clarify the following statement published under the heading *And What About the Oil on Shore?* (Region, January): "Back in 1859, Pittsburgh entrepreneur H.C. Tweedal struck oil in the St. Joseph-Dover area of Westmorland County near Moncton. That same year, the first oil well in North America started production at Titusville, Pa." According to the Reader's Digest Association publication *Explore Canada*, Oil Springs, Ont., is referred to as follows: "Outside the Oil Museum of Canada near here is a replica of North America's first oil well which James Miller Williams put into production in 1857." Who goofed?

*Alfred A. Walters
Weston, Ont.*

Editor's note: We should have described the Titusville well as the "first drilled oil well in North America."

Not the only ones

In her article *Love Thy Neighbors? Not the First Baptist Church* (Newfoundland and Labrador, December), Amy Zierler states, "The only other private school is the company school in Churchill Falls, Labrador." She certainly is misinformed. The Children's Centre, an in-

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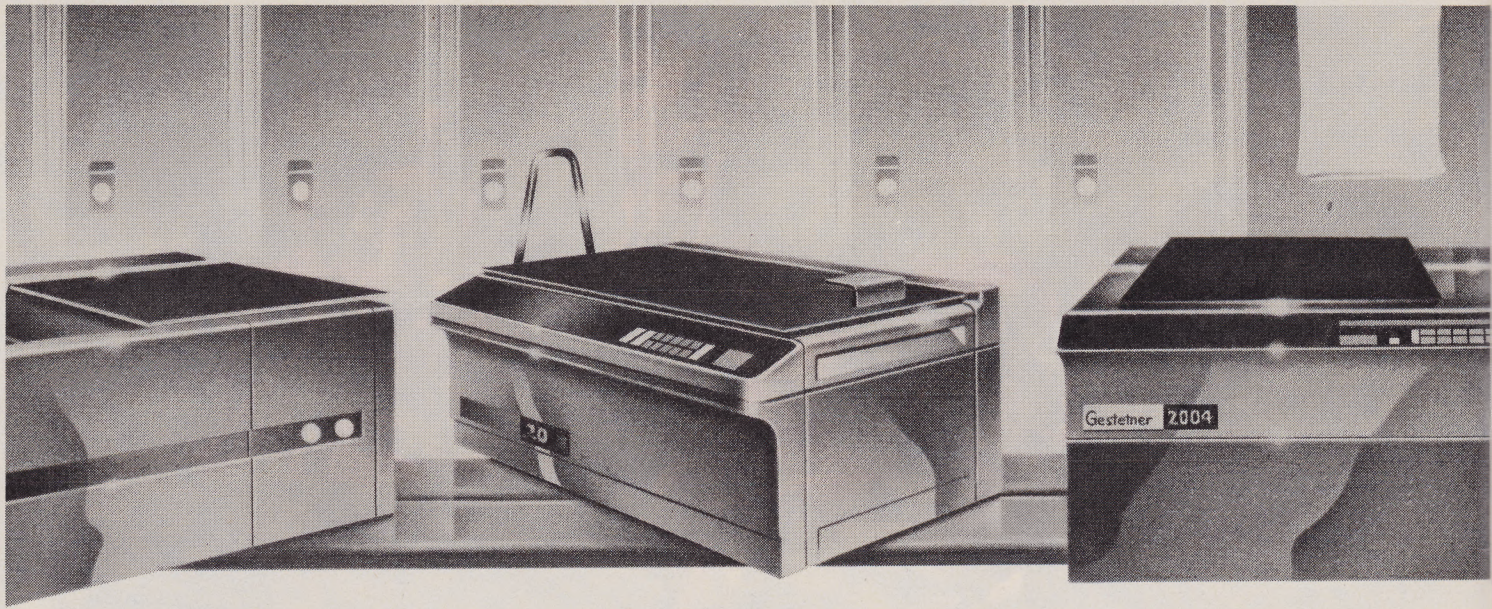
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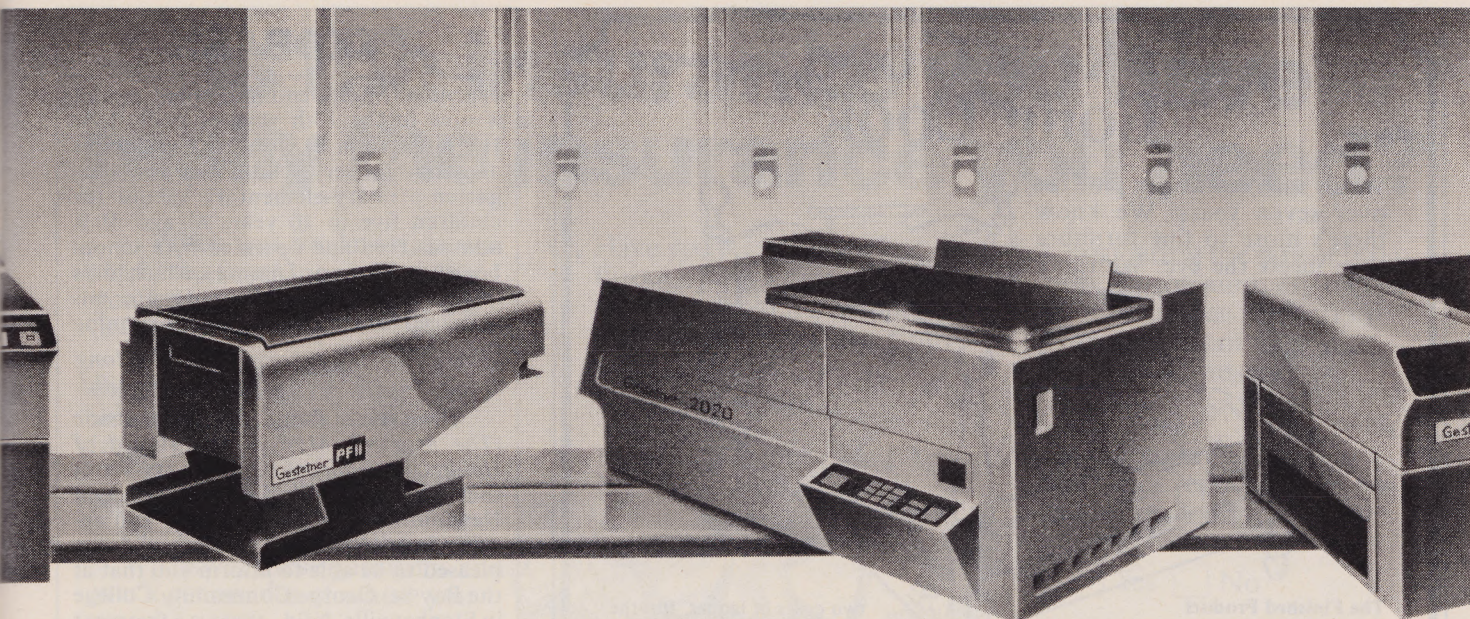
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FEEDBACK

dependent, non-denominational school is now in the 13th year of operation. It is situated in St. John's and operates an active nursery school and a kindergarten-primary-elementary school for children five to 10 years of age. It is administered and operated by a school board, consisting of parents, which hires qualified teachers. Parents are encouraged to take an active part in running the school.

*Sandra de Jong
St. John's, Nfld.*

The article about Heidi Oberheide (*The Magical, Mystery Sea World of Heidi Oberheide*, Art, January) states that Heidi's operation is the only one in Newfoundland where students can receive instruction in visual arts. I am pleased to be able to inform you that at the Bay St. George Community College in Stephenville, Nfld., there is a two-year visual arts program that awards a diploma of applied arts upon completion. Under the direction of instructor Ray Mackie, students also receive instruction from visiting artists who spend approximately one month each at the college. Heidi visited the college last year in this capacity.

*Linda Dunne,
Information officer
Bay St. George Community College
Stephenville, Nfld.*

A wise Guy

Atlantic Insight is an excellent publication. Why do you have to spoil it by the articles on the last page written by Ray Guy? He has a morbid propensity to write doom and gloom, and even that not intelligently. I always thought the Wise Men came from the East, but I am beginning to wonder.

*R.A. Clattenburg
Sault Ste Marie*

I was determined to let my subscription to *Atlantic Insight* come to an end (in spite of all those portentous reminders in the mail) but then I received the December issue and read Ray Guy's column (*A Christmas Lament for a Child's Loss of Faith*). Here is my payment enclosed. May I get "a millstone necklace and a boot over the gunwales above the Mariana Trench if I ever think of jumping ship again (that is, unless Ray Guy jumps out first)."

*Therese d'Amour
St. Andrews, N.B.*

Out of date

I don't mind receiving the January issue of your magazine on Jan. 29 as your articles are not current. There is little point, however, of placing the January calendar in a magazine that does not reach one until the last day of the month. I might suggest you place the next month's calendar of events in the current month's issue, therefore allowing one to take advantage of events before they have passed.

*Connie Ayr
Holyrood, Nfld.*

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☐ Yes ☐ No

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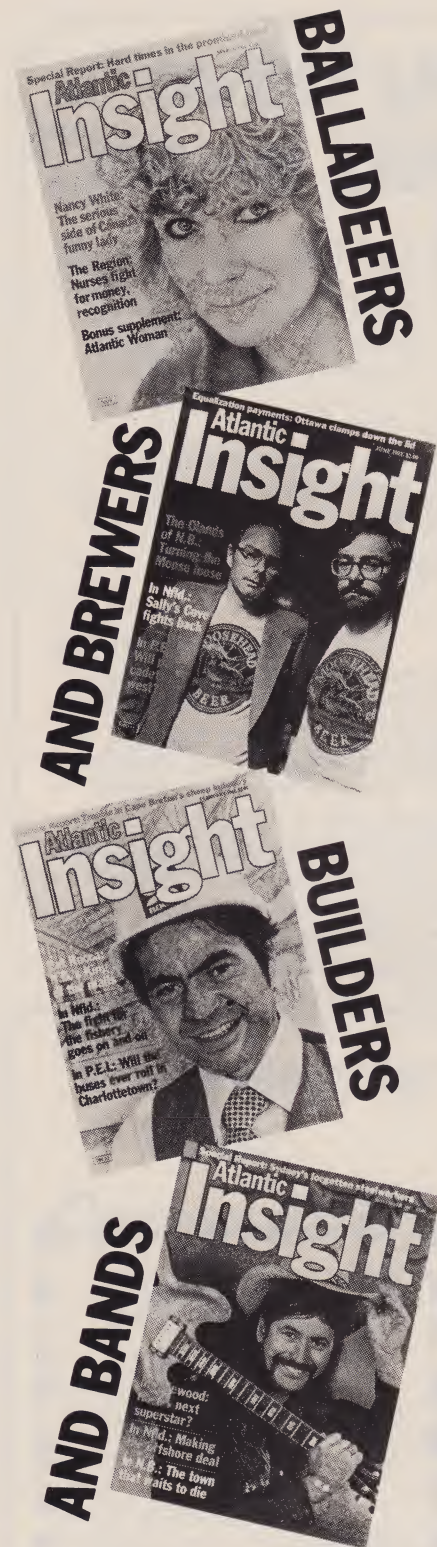
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THE REGION



SCOTT GRANT

Savoie: Nothing will be lost

Life after DREE

At a crucial time for economic development in the region, the feds have split their regional interests into two ministries in two government departments. They say it'll help. But help whom?

By Mitchell Beer

The grey Place du Portage in Hull, Que., headquarters for the Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE), had seen happier days: By early afternoon last January 12, staff had gathered around radios to hear confirmation of a longstanding rumor. DREE was to be dismantled, parts of it merging with the Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce to form a new Department of Regional Industrial Expansion (DRIE). Its policy and co-ordination sections would join the powerful Ministry of State for Economic Development (MSED), to become the Ministry of State for Economic and Regional Development (MSERD).

It looked like a war of acronyms, but there were more serious issues at stake. Not everyone agrees that DREE should have been saved. But there's even less agreement about whether the new structure laid out by Prime Minister Trudeau will be any better. The move called the government's commitment to regional economic development into question. It also raised the problem of whether the new ministry's emphasis on large-scale developments—"megaprojects," is the current Ottawa buzz-word—is on the right scale for regions such as the Atlantic provinces.

Timothy Reid, DREE's assistant

deputy minister for planning and co-ordination, says the reorganization is "an unequivocal message that [regional development] is a central priority concern of this government for the years to come." Others aren't so sure. "It's a sad comment on democracy in this country," one observer says. "There's never been a bureaucratic commitment to regional development and basically the bureaucrats won and the politicians lost."

Donald Savoie, policy adviser to former DREE minister Pierre De Bané, says nothing will be lost in the reorganization except the resistance of an entrenched DREE bureaucracy to structural change. He says that De Bané realized soon after he took over the portfolio that the department wasn't an effective lobbyist for regional development and that the righting of regional inequities needed to become more of a central priority in Ottawa's planning. Savoie thinks the reorganization has a chance of achieving that goal by, among other things, replacing the old system of General Development Agreements between Ottawa and the provinces with what the Prime Minister's Office calls "new and simpler sets of agreements with the provinces, involving a wider range of federal departments."

What killed DREE?

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THE REGION

major reason was the impossibility of establishing a co-operative federal-provincial agreement with Quebec. Ottawa couldn't design a new program for one province so the whole structure had to change. "What you don't have anymore is a minister whose task it is to use his programs to develop possible opportunities," he says. Could regionalism get lost in the shuffle? And, even if it doesn't, will the new reorganization produce anything like DREE's effort, albeit flawed, to reduce regional disparities?

Rem Westland, executive assistant to De Bané when he first came to DREE,

doesn't see much cause for encouragement in the former minister's banishment to a junior ministerial post under Prince Edward Island's Mark MacGuigan in External Affairs. "Personalities are important," Westland says, "because it was a concept he fought for, and other people will have to carry it now. In theory, he pretty well achieved his goal, but I think some of the poorer regions of the country have lost something because he's not there anymore."

The night of Trudeau's announcement, one discouraged observer recommended that "you might just try a call

through to De Bané and ask him what it feels like to be kicked in the teeth. He's answering to a boy scout."

What kind of development will receive the most attention under the new structure? In a word, big. Last fall a little-reported background paper to November's federal budget said that large-scale resource and energy developments would be the main economic thrusts of the future. The assumption came from the report of the Major Projects Task Force, co-chaired by Shirley Carr of the Canadian Labor Congress and Bob Blair of Nova Corporation.

The task force listed \$440 billion worth of projects waiting to be undertaken by the year 2000. Forty-five of the potential projects fall in the Atlantic region, most of them in the fields of offshore oil and gas exploration and the generation and transmission of electrical power. All but one of the projects described are worth at least \$100 million. Their total value, in the unlikely event that all were completed, would run above \$50 billion.

Nobody disputes the fact that large projects bring money into a community. But more researchers are starting to look at the social and environmental impact that accompanies the boom.

When Craig, Colo., grew 43% between 1973 and 1976 as a result of the opening of two coal mines and construction of a coal-fired generating station, it also experienced a 130% increase in child abuse, a 623% increase in "substance abuse" (drugs and alcohol) and an incredible 900% rise in crimes against people, according to University of Wyoming social workers Judith and Joseph Davenport. The Davenports and others are finding that community and environmental stability are threatened when large economic developments aren't undertaken carefully.

Savoie agrees that there are dangers but thinks the solution is "to plan these megaprojects so that they don't bring more social harm than economic benefits." But will a reorganized DREE, splintered between two government departments, have the sensitivity—and the clout—to make sure careful planning is carried out? And, even if it does, can it withstand the pressures of Ottawa's obvious commitment to getting on with large development schemes?

The background paper from the Prime Minister's Office states that "it is clearly in the national interest that these projects, such as Hibernia, Cold Lake or the building of the Trans-Quebec & Maritimes Pipeline, proceed as smoothly as possible." A PMO official says there will be "a very strong emphasis on [economic] spinoffs from megaprojects" to try to avoid the bust that follows so many economic booms. The general direction is clear: Ottawa will cut red tape to let the

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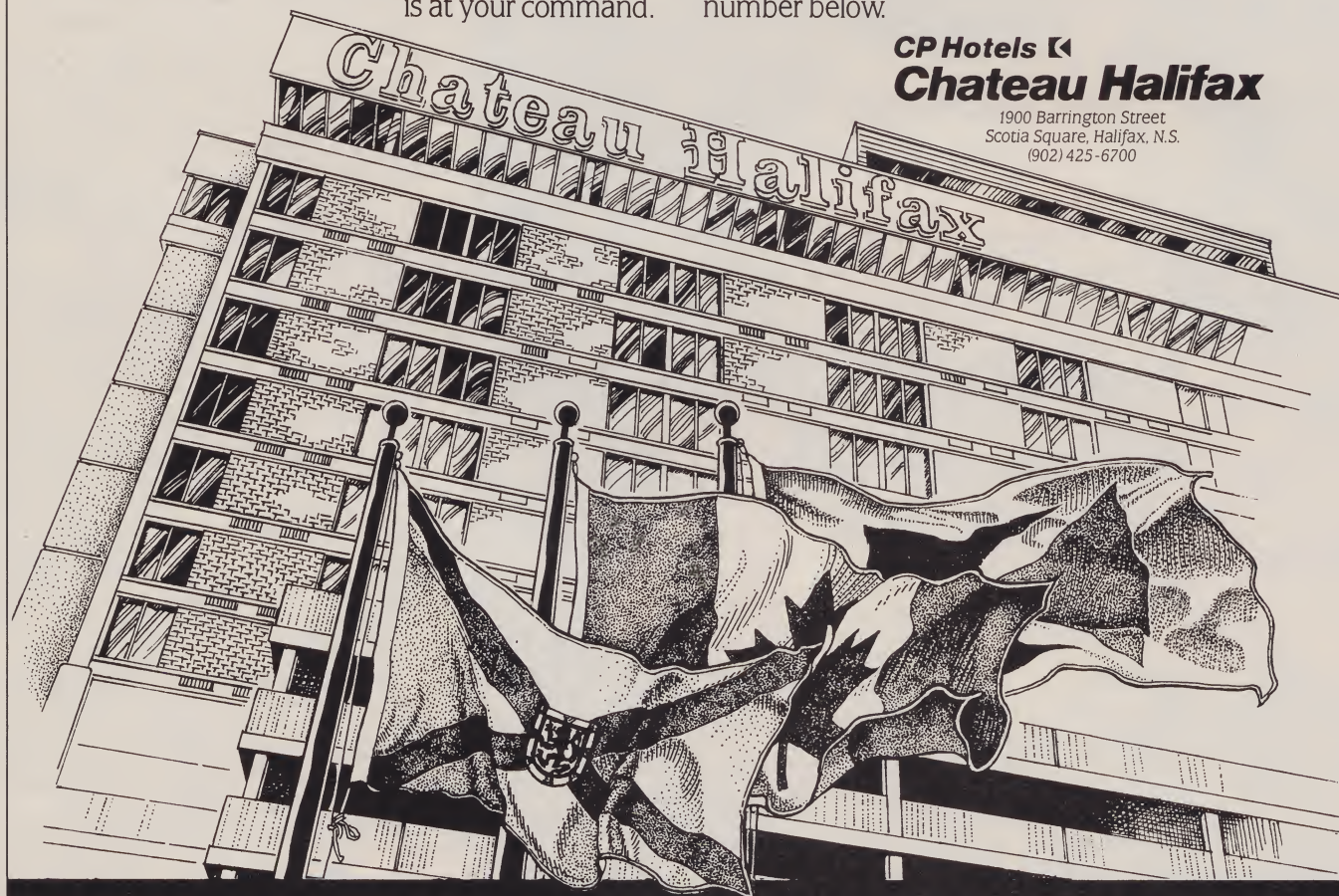
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THE REGION

projects proceed. But, if that emphasis is in the national interest, is it also always in the interest of the regions?

The same PMO official says the federal government is sensitive to the whole question of social impact. "What we want to make sure of," he says, "is that the spinoffs from these projects come to Canadians and show up in long-term jobs." Presumably, those spinoffs would also go to the smaller communities that get left out if a large development doesn't happen to be located nearby. Yet many of the potential Atlantic projects listed by the Major Projects Task Force

are among the most capital-intensive types of development around, producing fewer jobs and more chance of inflation per dollar spent than smaller, community-scaled activities.

What's the limit to large project development? Perhaps it comes when some renewable resource, like the Atlantic fishery, might be at stake. But predicting environmental or human disaster in advance can be a tricky business. It's also a business that can get passed over in the race to tie down the vast amounts of private money necessary for large project development. "They put up their money

and put up their risk," the PMO official says, "and we say if it looks like a good project we will try to get it through all the hoops."

In a bit of fascinating Ottawa jargon, MSERD is described as a "decentralized central agency." The PMO background paper says it will "operate in a highly decentralized way with senior executives located in each province to provide direct and convenient access to the federal government, to ensure co-ordination of federal departments on the ground and to give cabinet direct and immediate access to information on regional needs and opportunities." At the same time, "cabinet will appoint project directors to cut red tape on megaprojects and avoid undue delay in project planning, approval and completion."

DRIE's mandate is fuzzy and will be until a new task force finishes a study on "what business the new department ought to be in," and makes recommendations on "the clientele we ought to be serving and...what tools we will need to do the job."

Nobody's bad-mouthing projects that are scaled to the nature and needs of smaller communities such as those in the Atlantic region. Donald Savoie says community-scale projects are "vitally important for the development of this country, we can't afford not to get into that game." Timothy Reid says the reorganization of DREE "has created a much more powerful instrument for the development of industry in Canada" and adds that local community development "is a very important policy question that's receiving a lot of attention among senior government officials."

Maybe. But it could be quite a while before the aims of the new centres for regional development come into focus. In the meantime, some Ottawa observers say the influence of DRIE minister Herb Gray (from Ontario) and MSERD minister Bud Olson (from Alberta) add up to a discouraging picture for the Atlantic region. Others have already begun lobbying quietly for a new Ministry of Community Development—a new face for the old dream of decentralization—whose approach could provide some balance for the federal government's current preoccupation with big-buck deals.

Savoie says the reorganization at DREE was only the first step, to be followed by a long-awaited cabinet shuffle this spring. Much could depend on who occupies the key ministerial posts after the dust clears.

"The prime minister did say there were two phases," Savoie says, "so let's wait to see what happens." With a lot of dreams and futures hanging in the balance, however, many people in the Atlantic provinces may be less than willing to wait, trusting that Ottawa will make all right in the end. ☒

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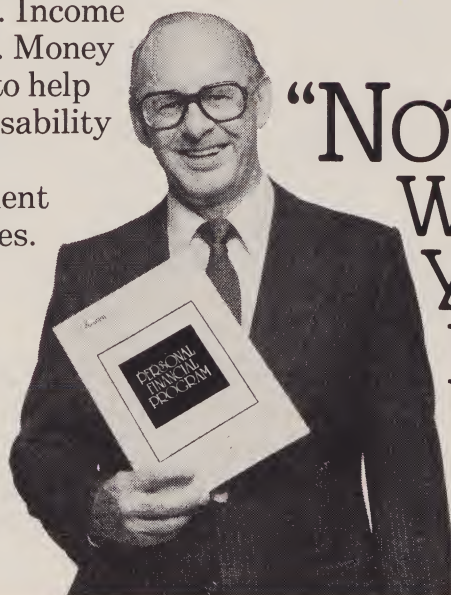
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St. John's escalates the war of two cities

A feisty new city council is determined to turn St. John's into the east coast's oil capital. Take off, Halifax

When former Halifax broadcaster Ron Pumphrey was running for a seat on St. John's city council last fall, he warned voters that St. John's had to become more aggressive in its pursuit of oil companies' head offices. Otherwise, he said, prosperity would slip from the grasp of Newfoundlanders, and Halifax would become the oil capital of the east coast.

The voters of St. John's apparently bought that pitch: Pumphrey, who ran a radio open-line show in Halifax in the early Seventies and now writes a daily newspaper column in St. John's, won a resounding victory in the November civic election. Other council members obviously subscribe to Pumphrey's pro-development ideology, as well. Despite the uncertainties surrounding Newfoundland's oil future, the city is going ahead with a drive to attract oil company head offices and make St. John's the oil capital of the east. Council has given its economic development committee this new mandate, and promised the committee a bigger budget and a higher profile.

And St. John's Mayor John Murphy, a businessman elected to his new job last November, will spend much of his time this spring and summer promoting St. John's across Canada and overseas. Starting in June, he'll begin a series of speaking engagements in Ontario and work his way west from there. Then he'll travel to Aberdeen to talk to people in the North Sea oil industry. Mark Shrimpton, the city's economic development officer, calls the new mayor "our greatest asset."

As part of the city's strategy, St. John's also will attend trade shows in Calgary this June, and will send a delegation to enemy territory next fall, when Halifax will be host for the Canadian Offshore Resource Exposition.

Council's development committee launched its new campaign in February with a press release that announced: "St. John's has significant locational and infrastructural advantages over other urban centres in Newfoundland and the Maritimes, but the promotional efforts of other urban centres in the Atlantic provinces clearly attempt to downplay these advantages."

The statement was part of the war of words St. John's and Halifax have been fighting over spinoffs from offshore oil development. A recent volley occurred when Roland Thornhill, Nova Scotia's minister of Development, remarked that St. John's wouldn't attract oil companies'

head offices because it wasn't as sophisticated as Halifax. Mayor Murphy was predictably indignant. St. John's, he replied, has a much better nightlife than Halifax, and it was preposterous to suggest that St. John's was less sophisticated than its rival.

The quality of a city's bars and restaurants, of course, don't necessarily figure in the oil companies' decisions. Convenience and efficiency do. And this is where St. John's believes it has the edge over Halifax.

"It's closer to the Grand Banks and the Hibernia field," Murphy says, "and that's where the big oil play is. St. John's harbor will become the main supply base for the Hibernia field, and the city will attract the companies' administration as well."

One conquest the mayor likes to talk about is the office of the East Coast Petroleum Operators' Association, which set up in St. John's more than a year ago. And in February, when British Petroleum officially opened its office in St. John's, the city rolled out its red carpet and held

a luncheon in the company's honor.

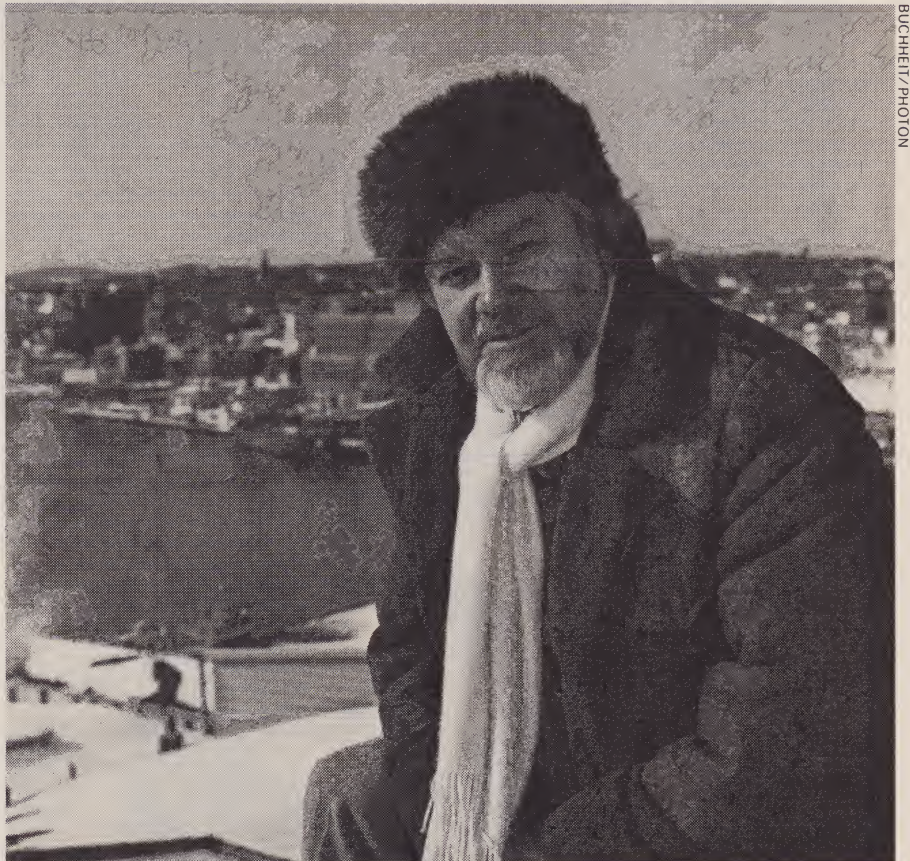
The mayor says this is just the beginning.

He and the development committee appear to have the support of St. John's residents, who elected a council that is mostly pro-development. Besides Pumphrey, the council's development committee includes Bruce Tilley, head of the St. John's Board of Trade, and Andy Wells, who last year championed the construction of the controversial Duffitt Building, a 12-storey office structure that appears to be the first of many new high-rises for the city's waterfront.

With much of the public behind the development committee, its path seems clear. But it's not. The success of the city's campaign to out-manoeuvre Halifax is jeopardized by Newfoundland's failure to reach agreement with the feds on joint management of offshore resources.

And now that Nova Scotia has finally wrapped up its agreement with Ottawa, Murphy's dream of an oil men's club next door to city hall may be evaporating. The oil companies might simply set up camp where the political waters are calmer and the politics more predictable.

— Marie Wadden



Pumphrey: Voters liked his pro-development pitch

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New Liberal leader, same old strife

Doug Young's biggest problem in the next few months will be wooing hostile party members back into the fold

New Brunswick Liberals had a problem in mid-November, 1981: They needed a leader to succeed Joe Daigle, who had quit suddenly, claiming he had been "forced out" by the caucus. So at the end of February, 1982, they chose Doug Young, an aggressive 41-year-old lawyer with a genius for organization. Now, as they prepare to battle Premier Richard Hatfield and the Progressive Conservatives, who have ruled the province for 11½ years, the Liberals face another problem: They may lack followers.

Throughout the leadership campaign, critics tabbed Young as the ringleader in the dumping of Daigle. When Young's winning vote of 1,324 out of 2,609 ballots was announced at the convention in a Fredericton hockey arena, hundreds of supporters of defeated candidates Joe Day, Ray Frenette and Allan Maher streamed out. They didn't even wait to hear Senator Louis Robichaud, the party's elder statesman and premier in the Sixties, deliver a congratulatory message to Young. One lawyer, sporting a MAHER button, glumly explained, "That first ballot win was like an orgasm. The rapist enjoyed it, but the victim didn't."

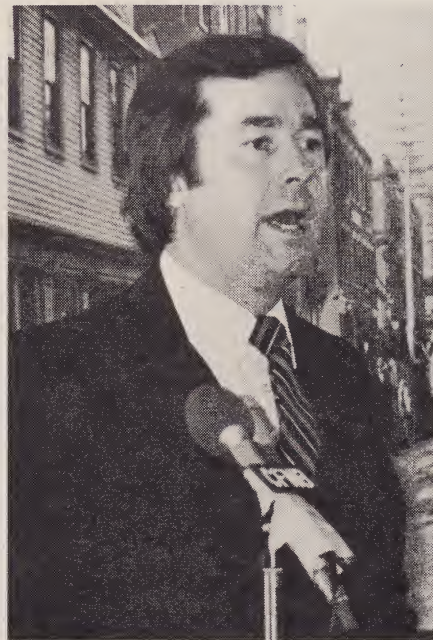
Plainly, a majority of Liberals don't think their party was victimized by Young, a dynamic, bilingual orator from Tracadie in the French-speaking northeast of the province. But in order to improve on the 30-28 defeat that the Liberals under Daigle suffered in 1978, the party must increase the paltry total of five seats it won in the English-speaking south. And it's in the south where aversion to Young, as manifested by the 811 votes for runner-up Day, is felt most deeply.

Young first entered the limelight in 1978, when he was one of six candidates who ran to succeed another provincial Liberal leader, Robert Higgins. Higgins had resigned as leader after a judicial inquiry stemming from a PC kickbacks scandal failed to endorse Higgins' accusation that the Justice Department had interfered in the RCMP investigation of the scandal. Young placed third behind two other lawyers, Daigle and John Bryden. Young then wrested the Tracadie Liberal nomination from Adjutor Ferguson, who had held the seat in the previous House, and won election as an MLA.

Like Young, Daigle became Liberal leader in the fourth year of a Hatfield term and was soon fighting an election. In 1978, Hatfield's stock was at a low ebb

because of the kickbacks scandal and the failure of a government-backed scheme to build the Bricklin car. But after the election, Hatfield got Robert McCreedy, a disaffected Liberal who had run for the leadership and finished last, to accept the Speaker's post, gaining a 30-27 working majority for the Tories and ending the threat of a quick second election.

Meanwhile, under Daigle, the Liberals had decided on a biennial leadership confidence vote. In February, 1981, in the first such vote, delegates were asked if they wanted a review of Daigle's leadership. Only 69% said no. The result wounded Daigle, but what made matters worse was that several Liberals publicly accused Young of overtly campaigning for a "yes" vote, a charge he denied.



Young: Time to play political hardball

Daigle tried to play down the vote, and, ironically, got some backhanded support from Hatfield. The premier said leadership review votes are foolish; Daigle didn't receive 69% support at his 1978 leadership convention, so how could he be expected to get more than that three years later? But in November, all caucus members except Maher and Shirley Dysart of Saint John expressed no confidence in Daigle's ability to win the next election.

When Daigle resigned, the caucus named Young interim leader. He then declared his candidacy to succeed Daigle. Traditionally, the party names a caretaker, not a candidate, when a leader departs. But Young told Liberals this

custom paled in the face of what had become another party tradition, losing, and he was a winner.

In both Higgins and Daigle, the party had chosen "nice guys," who, as every baseball fan knows, "finish last." Young declared the time had come for a leader who could play political hardball with Hatfield and win. The party had been drafting programs for a decade; now was the time to implement them. Young's words, for a party so long out in the cold, went down like hot soup. Most of the caucus immediately rallied to him, and so did the Liberal establishment. But within a week, Daigle loyalist John Bryden resigned as the party's executive director and levelled a withering broadside at Young.

Bryden accused Young of seeking "power at all costs," and describes the ousting of Daigle as a "well orchestrated coup." He said he would never condone Young's brand of politics, which used "the trampled careers of former colleagues and associates" to pave the road to success.

The February leadership convention began to look as if it would be a coronation, not a contest. Then jut-jawed Day, 37, a bilingual Saint John lawyer, though not an MLA, entered the campaign, pledging never to put the pursuit of power before principles. His opponents pointed out that Day had lost three times in the federal (though rockbed Tory) riding. Maher, the former Dalhousie mayor who stood by Daigle, declared next, followed by Moncton's Frenette, the erudite energy critic, who tried in vain to be a compromise candidate. The race evolved into a two-man affair with Young holding off a late-charging Day.

Tough as he is, Young will need more than 50.7% of the Liberal gang behind him if he is to win the next fight with Hatfield. Somehow, he has to charm both the Daigle and Day factions back into the fold. Daigle himself is out of politics, having quickly followed Higgins to the bench. But Day's support is vital in the south, where a third force, the NDP, made sharp gains in 1978.

At the convention, Day made the traditional gesture of moving that Young's victory be declared unanimous. But the story that afternoon didn't end there. An hour later, in the basement corridor, Young stood waiting to meet his three rivals when a man in a blue suit came running up.

"Day's gone," the man said. "He's not in the building."

"He knew about the meeting?" a surprised Young asked.

"He knew about the meeting."

— Jon Everett



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Saving the little white schoolhouse

When school consolidation started on P.E.I. 25 years ago, most people assumed that bigger schools had to be better. Today, some Islanders are having second thoughts

When a Prince Edward Island school board decided two years ago to shut down two small, elementary schools on the North Shore, it did so believing that the students could get a better education in a large, centralized school at East Royalty, near Charlottetown. Parents in Stanhope and Grand Tracadie, the two communities that would lose their three-room schools, didn't agree. They had gone to small schools themselves, and they didn't believe that bigger is necessarily better. "You can teach your kids just as well in

dation started in earnest only in the late Fifties and early Sixties. At that time, the Island had about 400 school districts, most with their own one-room schools. Because local ratepayers controlled and financed each school, prosperous communities could afford the best teachers and facilities. The provincial government felt that consolidation would provide a more uniform standard of education.

It supplied funds to build large, centralized schools, and the small schools began to close.

By 1972, when there were only 62

one-room schools left, the school districts amalgamated into the present five large districts. Today, one-room schools have all disappeared on the Island, and there are only 12 schools left with 125 or fewer students.

The small schools used to be the focal point of the community, and some Islanders believe that the communities began to deteriorate when the schools closed.

Department of Education officials estimate that, even counting the cost of busing students to centralized schools, the present system

is cheaper than maintaining many small schools. No studies have been done on the Island, however, to compare the costs of centralized schools and small schools.

But many people are starting to question the assumption that consolidation means better education. That's what the battle for the Stanhope and Grand Tracadie schools was all about. "We are opposing the whole concept of school consolidation," McQuillan says. "They [school trustees] seem to be sold on consolidation. They haven't taken into consideration that many people are against it."

McQuillan sees many advantages in small schools. They allow closer contact between teachers and students, and students aren't transplanted to unfamiliar

surroundings. Teachers are more likely to know the students and their backgrounds. And parents have more control over values taught in the schools.

One parent who doesn't buy these arguments is Frank Morrison of Pleasant Grove, a father of two pre-school-age children. "I went to Grand Tracadie school," he says, "and I was lucky to get out. That system failed me." Morrison's children would travel farther to the East Royalty school than they would to the one at Grand Tracadie, but he doesn't mind. "We feel the educational needs are better met in newer facilities," he says.

Wanda Wood, one of two trustees on the 15-member board who voted against closing the schools, disagrees. She accuses fellow trustees of ignoring the fact that many North American educators believe now that large-scale consolidation was a mistake. "People are moving back to the smaller unit," she says. "It allows for individuality and maintains the community."

The Education minister's decision to save the schools in Stanhope and Grand Tracadie is in line with the Tory government's "rural renaissance" goal—breathing life into the Island's once-thriving rural communities. But the issue is far from settled. School trustees, who were already angry at Driscoll for trying to change their minds, now say he infringed on the board's jurisdiction.

"We feel we should have the right to make the decision where the children should attend school," board chairman Sybil Cutcliffe says. "By allowing the schools in the Grand Tracadie and Stanhope areas to remain open, the minister in effect is placing the students, a responsibility the school act delegates to us." Driscoll cites a section of the act that says the Education minister has jurisdiction over construction of new schools; he's merely approving construction of a smaller East Royalty school.

It's still not clear who will attend the new school. Part of the split over the East Royalty issue has to do with geography. Parents in the northern section of the Stanhope-Grand Tracadie area are mostly farmers and fishermen who have relatively little contact with Charlottetown and don't want their children bused there. Many parents in the southern section commute to Charlottetown every day. Driscoll says that about 20 of the 120 students now attending Stanhope and Grand Tracadie schools will go to East Royalty. Frank Morrison, for one, hopes his children are among them. If the minister orders his kids to the old schools, Morrison says, "the bloodbath hasn't even started."

— Rob Dykstra



Irma McQuillan and children Robert, 11, (left) and Darcey, 9

small schools," says Irma McQuillan Covehead, a mother of 10 who headed the campaign to save the rural schools.

Education Minister Fred Driscoll apparently agrees. In late February, after trying to persuade the school board to change its mind, the minister overturned the board's decision. He announced that the schools at Grand Tracadie and Stanhope—which are among the few small rural schools left on the Island—will remain open. The new school at East Royalty, which hadn't yet been built, would be smaller than originally planned, with about 350 students instead of 450.

The minister's decision interrupted a process that started on the Island about 25 years ago: School consolidation. Although some schools were consolidated around the turn of the century, consoli-



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Bluenose II heads for rough weather

The replica of Canada's most famous tall ship is ailing, struck by age and rotted wood. Patchwork repairs have kept her sailing—but for how long?

Each year, when inquiries from prospective visitors to Nova Scotia begin to roll in to the provincial Department of Tourism, fully 50% of them want to know one thing: What's the schedule for the *Bluenose II*, the famed replica of Canada's most famous tall ship. An American marketing company surveyed the Eastern Seaboard of the United States and discovered that, for most Americans, Nova Scotia means the *Bluenose*. Lunenburg County shipbuilder Murray Stevens agrees: "It's not the Citadel. Not Louisbourg. Not the Cape Breton Highlands. Not anything else for that matter. It's the *Bluenose* that they associate us with."

Ironically, as the *Bluenose* sails into the height of its 1982 tourist season, some believe it may be headed for its roughest voyage. Plagued by timber rot in its structurally vital mid-section as well as other problems, some of them dating back to its maiden voyage as public relations symbol for a local brewery back in the early Sixties, the ship's state has even raised queries about how safe it is. Skipper Don Barr says that the crew doesn't use the mainsail on the *Bluenose*'s popular Halifax harbor cruises in winds over 25 knots—not considered specially heavy. The mainsail exerts a force of 14 to 16 tons on the chain plates anchored to the timbers in the ship's mid-section. "Once we get out of the harbor and the show is over, then sails come right down," Barr says. "No, I just don't know what she can take anymore so I play it safe."

Since 1963 when it was launched, the only part of the *Bluenose* that hasn't been entirely replaced is the mid-section. "And that should have been done five years ago," says Ashton Hyson, a boatbuilder of 40 years' experience who worked on construction of the *Bluenose*. Oland Breweries had commissioned the Smith and Rhuland boatyard in Lunenburg to build a replica of the never-defeated racing schooner as an advertising symbol for its Schooner-brand beer. Oland's expected to use the vessel for a maximum of eight years and their budget of \$350,000 wasn't designed to build a long-lasting vessel. "There were lots of materials used that I wouldn't have used if she were mine I'll tell you," Hyson says. "And no vents were put in to allow her to breathe. With that budget, we had to take some short cuts, you understand."

On her maiden voyage to the West Indies, the ship ran into storm winds of 80 to 100 miles per hour and got caught

with her sails up. "That storm would be like taking a new car out and driving 100 miles per hour for a few hours," Barr says. The *Bluenose* spent her first winter in southern waters, not recommended for softwood boats which need one or two years' "seasoning" before being sailed in warm waters. An air conditioner installed below decks caused condensation problems.

By the time the province purchased the *Bluenose* from Oland's in 1971, the vessel was in bad shape. The purchase price was a dollar but the refit done two years later cost the province more than the original \$350,000 it took to build the replica.

"She was still in hard shape when she left our yard in '73," says Kline Falkenham, now foreman of Scotia Trawlers Shipyard and another builder who worked on the replica. The *Bluenose* has needed work after every season since, to the tune of \$100,000 a year. In 1976 the province spent \$300,000 to refit rotten timbers forward and aft of the masts. Snyder's, the shipyard which did the work, also found rotten wood in the mid-section, but there was no time to do anything about it. It was supposed to be completed the following season but it wasn't. "We knew the mid-section needed to be repaired then," says Peter Brown, spokesman for the *Bluenose* within the Department of Tourism, "but we didn't feel it was a priority at the time. It seemed that every season after that something new and more important would pop up and we'd fix that instead. Now the midships is our number one priority."

How safe is the *Bluenose*?

Once a year, an inspector from the Ships Safety Branch of the Canadian Coast Guard surveys the vessel, using a computerized check list as his guide. He covers safety features such as lifejackets, lifeboats, fire extinguishers and flares as well as condition of the engine, propeller shaft, sea cocks and general condition of the ship. He then classifies the vessel as to the number of passengers it can carry in harbor and the distance from land it can sail. The *Bluenose* passed the licens-

ing requirements last spring.

Last October, acting on the advice of concerned government officials, Peter Brown had an independent survey carried out. Alf Lohnes of Canada British Consultants Ltd. found that 75% of the six boring samples taken from timbers and planking on both sides of the vessel at midships showed "degenerative fibre" or rotten wood. Does he think the ship is safe? "She's safe," Lohnes says, "as long as the skipper eases her like an antique car."

Tourism in Nova Scotia is a \$400-million industry and the *Bluenose* its most highly visible symbol. Besides the three Halifax harbor tours a day that run through July and August (and bring in \$110,000 per year) the ship sails to other Nova Scotia ports for special events. The vessel has been featured in an ABC television film and in last year's CBS Anne Murray special. When *Bluenose* visited Toronto last year, the amount of



Boatbuilders Stevens (left) and Hyson check out rotting timber

free print and TV time it generated was worth half a million dollars to the province, Tourism officials estimate. The American Sail Training Association has asked the *Bluenose* to represent Canada at the Tall Ships Regatta in Norfolk, Va., this year and there's a request for the vessel to lead the sail parade at the 450th Anniversary of the Tall Ships in 1984.

But can the *Bluenose* make it? The life expectancy for a softwood boat is 17 years. The *Bluenose* is 18 hard years old. Even if patchwork repairs are carried out, some experts feel the only solution is to build a completely new replica.

"There's only a few of us guys around that know anything about building large wooden schooners," Ashton Hyson says. "So if they're going to rebuild her, they better get on with it." Alf Lohnes agrees: "They'd better build a new one and plan for it right now."

— Bernard C. Schelew



Captain Morgan White.

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COVER STORY

SMALL BUSINESS

Taking care of business: The struggle to survive in the worst of times



Jack's, Saint John: Closed after 47 years

Last year, bankruptcies among east coast firms rose 200% over 1980 and this year's figures could be worse. That means a lot of people are going to get hurt

By Stephen Kimber

What's to say?" Bob Taylor asks, his voice thick with failure and resignation. "We're in receivership." Taylor is president of Moncton Lumber Co., once a seemingly permanent corporate pillar of Moncton's Main Street. This winter the company collapsed under the accumulated weight of unsold lumber and sky-high interest rates. Had it survived, the building supply firm would have celebrated its 50th anniversary next year. Instead, it has become just one more grim reminder that 1982 may turn out to be the worst of times for Atlantic Canadian businessmen.

Taylor says his once prosperous company's fortunes were declining steadily for two years. "We got hit on one side by high mortgage interest rates, which hurt the whole building industry, and we got hit on the other side by high interest rates on our own loans, which we needed just to keep going." Despite trimming overhead and cutting more than half his 33-person staff, Taylor failed to convince his bankers that even the pared-down operation could be salvaged. "I felt we could carry on and make it work," he says unhappily, "but the banks didn't. What can you do?"

Taylor isn't alone. Thanks to some

combination of high interest rates, high unemployment, high inflation, high hopes, low productivity, low margins and—too often—low-level management skills, hundreds of Atlantic Canadian businesses are hurting. The list of companies in trouble ranges all the way from the region's four biggest fish processors, which lost a combined estimated \$100 million in the past two years, down to



Taylor: "What can you do?"

retailing small fry like Le Brignolet, a tiny, Cape Breton-based chain of kitchenware boutiques that expanded too rapidly for its means and ended up out of business in December.

Last year, more than 300 east coast companies declared bankruptcy, an incredible 200% increase over 1980. This year's statistics may be even worse. "We're getting more calls every day from people wanting bankruptcy information," says Ron Twohig, the Atlantic regional administrator of bankruptcy for the federal Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs. And Twohig cautions that the number of official bankruptcies is only the tip of the iceberg of business failure.

Countless other businesses, such as Taylor's Moncton Lumber and Jim McCulloch's Nova Scotia Building Supplies Ltd., a 37-year-old company that operates 10 building supply outlets in Nova Scotia, are being pushed into receivership by their major creditors because their good names are no longer enough to pay their bills. "We got caught in a tight economy," McCulloch says of his company's predicament. "We did all the right things—computerizing our head office, centralizing our purchasing and distribution, things like that—for what we thought was going to be a buoyant economy. But then the housing industry died. It's that simple."

Still other businessmen, fearful of being similarly sucked under by the

One man's family business hangs on—so far

Ilived well, I really did." Jon Goldberg smiles disarmingly as he remembers the days that are past, days that probably will not now come again. "I used to go to Las Vegas at least 10 times a year, you know, rent the biggest suite in the best hotel. Money was nothing. Christ, just one room in the suite would be as big as this whole restaurant," he brags as he eyeballs the 100 feet or so of tables and booths between him and the coffee shop exit on the main level of the Halifax Shopping Centre. He asks the waitress to bring him another coffee. "I owned horses then—15 of them—and I went to Florida, New York, Ohio, all over, just to watch them race. One time, I remember, I was with Jack Klugman at a track. He lost \$20,000 betting in half an hour." There is more than a hint of regret in Jon Goldberg's voice when he tells you he doesn't get around quite so much anymore.

In just two days, he will make a proposal to his own creditors he hopes will save him from personal bankruptcy. He did the same thing in December to save the company of which he is president, Morris Goldberg's Men's and Boys' Wear. At the time, he says, the clothing store operation owed more than \$1 million to more than 100 creditors.

Though he is only 36, Jon Goldberg has already travelled almost the entire distance from the corporate heaven of hedonism to the personal hell of hyperinflation. Jon Goldberg's odyssey is a textbook-perfect—if slightly flashier and larger-than-life—example of how many Atlantic businessmen have been getting into trouble. It is the story of what can happen when a small, family business tries to become too big, too fast with too little money and management and runs smack into the realities of high risks and high interest rates.

In Halifax, the Goldberg name has been synonymous with men's clothing for more than 70 years. During the Second World War, Goldberg's made its local reputation by winning lucrative contracts to outfit the military. In the Sixties, it grew carefully, expanding one store at a time into the city's newly

opening shopping centres.

Jon Goldberg was only 13 when he started selling clothes in the family store on weekends. "It wasn't so much something I chose to do as just something I did because it was expected," he says now. In the early Seventies, after successfully managing the company's Halifax Shopping Centre store for two years, Goldberg bought out his father's and uncle's shares in the three local shopping centre outlets. (His father and uncle still own and operate M. Goldberg Ltd., a

denly I'm the president of something that's doing \$4 million a year. I didn't stop to think it wasn't profit."

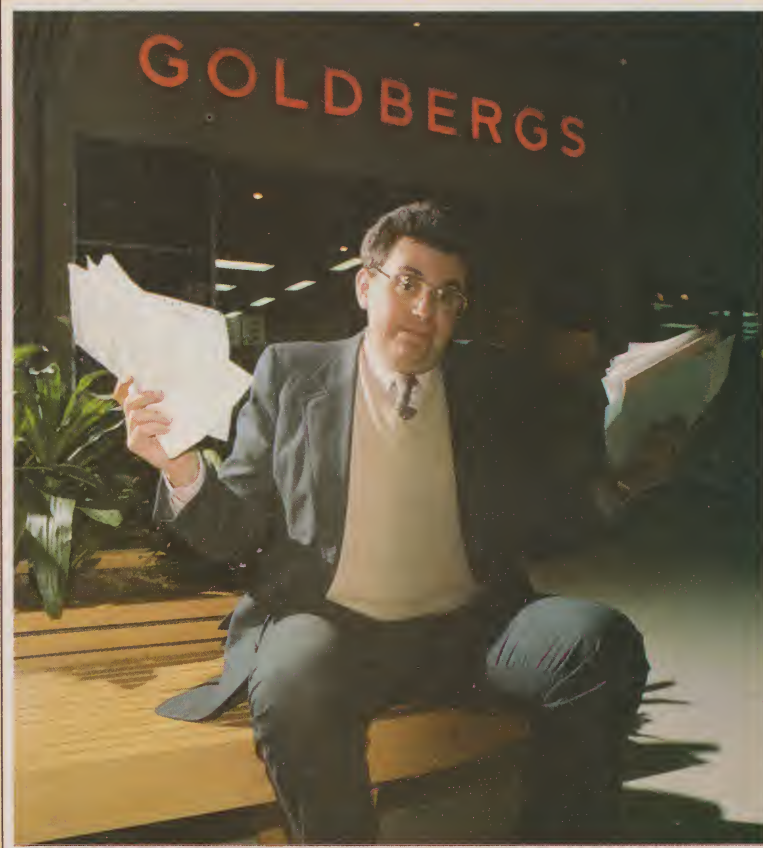
Goldberg began living like a man whose company was making \$4 million in profits, but he was—as he is the first to admit today—sadly lacking in business acumen. "I was trying to compete against the big guys like Tip Top and companies like that, but I was trying to do it all by myself. They had whole divisions of people doing their buying and accounting. I had me. And I wasn't a good enough manager. I didn't even have a comptroller. Jesus Christ," he says incredulously, "I—a guy who flunked accounting in college—didn't have a comptroller!"

Soon, however, he did have plenty of problems. Although Goldberg's traditional reputation was built more on personal service than low price, Jon Goldberg wanted to compete head-to-head with national chains on price as well. He couldn't. The chains used their centralized administration and purchasing to get the best bargains on supplies, and their size and financial clout to get better deals on shopping centre leases. To make things even tighter, some of Goldberg's shopping centre locations turned out to be commercial dogs. He wound up carrying far too much inventory for far too long. As a result, his stores began losing hundreds of thousands of dollars.

To turn a serious situation into a disaster, Goldberg then ran up against the recession and sky-high interest rates. "If you have to borrow money today," he told an interviewer in the midst of his company's financial woes, "you're finished."

Pride, he says today, is the main reason he has refused to buckle under the weight of those financial woes. "I don't want to be the one to destroy the family name," he says. So he took an axe to his ambitions, hacked away all but three of his stores and lopped off 40 employees. He agreed to pay his preferred creditors, such as the banks and landlords, half the \$1.8 million he owes—without interest—over the next two years, and then made a deal with his other creditors to pay them 10 cents on the dollar now and 40 cents more in instalments over the next five years.

"It's going to take time," he says. "And a lot of hard work." Las Vegas will have to wait.



Goldberg: His dreams were grandiose

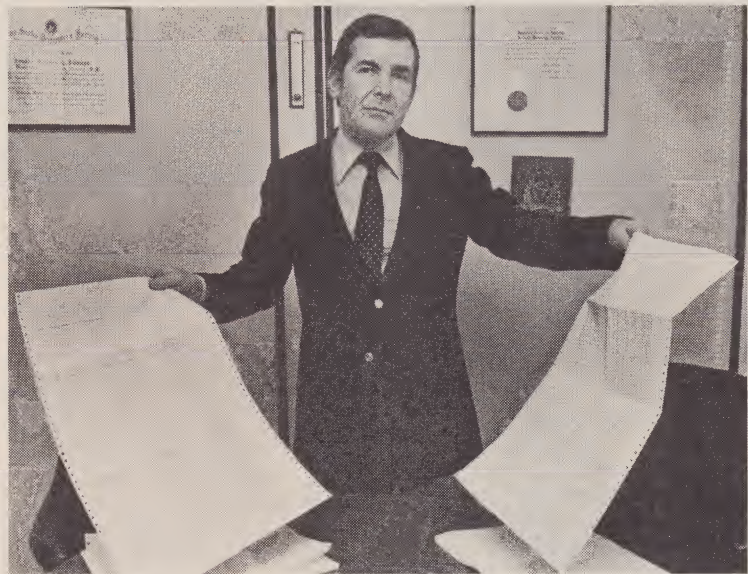
separate men's clothing shop in downtown Halifax.)

Jon Goldberg's dreams were grandiose. He would transform Goldberg's from a good, local family business into a thriving regional—maybe even national—chain. He began opening new stores in every shopping centre in every small community he could find. By 1978, there were 14 outlets (some under the Goldberg's name, some called The Warehouse and others known as Big John's), 65 employees, huge inventories and bigger loans. "One year, we did \$4 million worth of business," he marvels. "Four million! You've got to remember that when I was just the manager, I was making maybe \$10-12,000 a year. Sud-



ALBERT LEE - CANADIAN PRESS

McCulloch: "We got caught in a tight economy"



ALBERT LEE - CANADIAN PRESS

Twohig: Mismanagement is the main culprit

treacherous economic undercurrents, have either sold out or voluntarily closed down. In one week last fall, three long-established downtown Saint John retailers—Scovil's, a 90-year-old department store, Kennedy's, a 50-year-old shoe store, and Jack's, a 47-year-old men's clothing store—all announced they were going out of business. "We looked at the situation with unemployment and interest rates," explains Jack's secretary-treasurer, Ellis Levine, "and we didn't see things turning around. So we decided to close out ourselves. It was the only smart thing to do." During the last two years, he says, Jack's paid \$45,000 in interest charges just to carry its extensive clothing inventory.

Even businessmen who say they expect to survive the current economic gloom admit they're cutting back on expenses and laying off staff. Morris

Goldberg's Men's and Boys' Wear (see box), a Halifax-based retailer that four years ago boasted 65 employees in its regional chain of 14 outlets, dramatically retrenched its operations to just three stores and 18 employees early this year in a desperate effort to remain solvent.

But many businessmen say 1982 will be no better. In one recent survey in the Atlantic region, more than 32% of the 1,000 businessmen questioned said they expected to sell out, close down, declare bankruptcy or be forced into receivership if interest rates remained at current high levels for another year or two. "That's probably a conservative estimate," says Peter O'Brien, the Atlantic regional manager for the Canadian Federation of



Levine: Closing was "the only smart thing to do"

Independent Business, which conducted the survey. "Businessmen tend to be optimists by nature, so you can probably assume that the real figure is three or 4% higher than that again. Then, if you add to that the fact that this survey was taken in November before Allan MacEachen introduced the federal budget—which most businessmen believe will hurt them even more—you have an indication of just how serious the situation really is."

What frightens O'Brien and other

business observers is the fact that many of the businesses going under are long-established family firms. "Even at the best of times," allows Darrel Goyetche of the Moncton Chamber of Commerce, "something like 65% of new businesses go under in the first two years. Now, however, we're losing our older, established businesses too." Besides Moncton Lumber, he says, two other seemingly indestructible local firms closed recently: Dryden Motors, a longtime Main Street Ford dealership that closed its doors in October; and Noble's, a 51-year-old Volkswagen and used car dealership that abandoned the new car business and sold part of its property this fall. Both firms were caught in the squeeze of high interest charges: They had to borrow to carry their large inventory of new cars, then couldn't sell them because consumers—squeezed by the same interest rate pressures—weren't buying. The story is the same all over the region. In St. John's, the London, New York & Paris Association of Fashion Ltd., one of the

profits to the fact that they were collectively forced to lay off close to 2,000 workers last year. Fifty-seven percent claimed they'd also put off expansion because of economic conditions, with the result that they hadn't hired 2,500 workers for new jobs they'd planned to create.

"The worst thing," O'Brien says, "is that the companies being penalized most severely by high interest rates are the good, aggressive firms that tried to expand. They're the firms that three or four years ago borrowed one or two hundred thousand dollars at 12 or 13% and are now trying to pay it back at 20% and more."

Interest rates are just one factor in the current gloomy business equation. Small businessmen also blame governments for creating what O'Brien calls "disincentives for investors. They look at things like the federal budget, at the fact that an independent businessman can set up a better pension plan for his employees than he can for himself, that he can't write off new equipment as fast as he used to and on and on. Finally, the guy says, 'What the hell? Why should I bother?'"

Other observers, however, suggest Atlantic businessmen themselves are to blame for many of their own problems. "The main reason for bankruptcies,"



DICK GREEN

St. John's: Lineup for a bankruptcy sale

city's two remaining downtown department stores, went out of business in January after trying and failing to compete against national retailers in shopping centres. In Halifax, Hudson's, a 40-year-old clothing store shut down at the end of January. "Instead of waiting another year for the banks to close me out, I decided to close it out myself," explains owner Chester Grimm.

Not surprisingly, most businessmen—when asked to pinpoint the villain in the piece—point to high interest rates. In the survey by the Canadian Federation of Independent Business, for example, nearly 50% of Atlantic businessmen said their operations had been damaged by the high cost of borrowing for normal operating expenses. They blamed high interest rates for everything from reduced

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Ron Twohig says flatly, "is mismanagement. They [businessmen] can see the economic trends, they know their own sales are dropping and

yet they want to run their businesses the way they did when times were good. They have one outlet, and it's making \$50,000 a year, so they figure, 'Why not have two and make \$100,000?' But they go into it without any studies, without reliable forecasts. The stores end up competing against each other, and the whole mess finally comes down around

their ears. Then they blame it on high interest rates."

Whatever the cause of the current spate of business busts involving small, independent family firms, however, O'Brien suggests the failure of so many will make the Atlantic economy even more troubled in the future. "In the past, many of our new small businesses were started with loans from within the family," he says. "A father would own a store and he'd loan his son the money to start his own business when he came of age. But if the father fails, there isn't going to be any pool of venture capital

for the next generation."

Neither O'Brien nor anyone else is prepared to predict a quick fix for the region's economic woes. "The economists were suggesting that things might ease up in the latter part of 1982," O'Brien says, "but now we see U.S. rates going up again. If we keep tracking them and they keep going up, our situation will only get worse."

O'Brien thinks we're in for a tough year with more business busts and retrenchment, but he says that may not be such a bad thing. "That kind of pressure, that kind of shaking out of those who can't adapt to compete, will ultimately bring out the real entrepreneurship we need to build our economy in the next decade." He pauses. "It's just too bad," he adds, "that a lot of people are going to be hurt in the process."

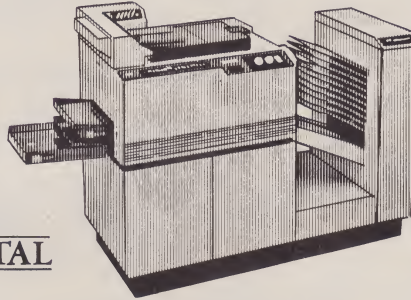
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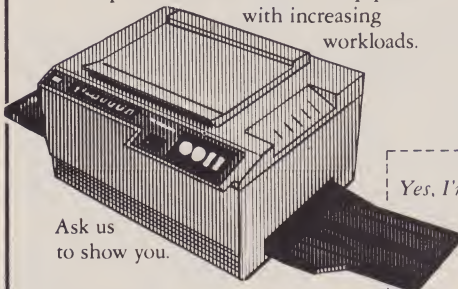
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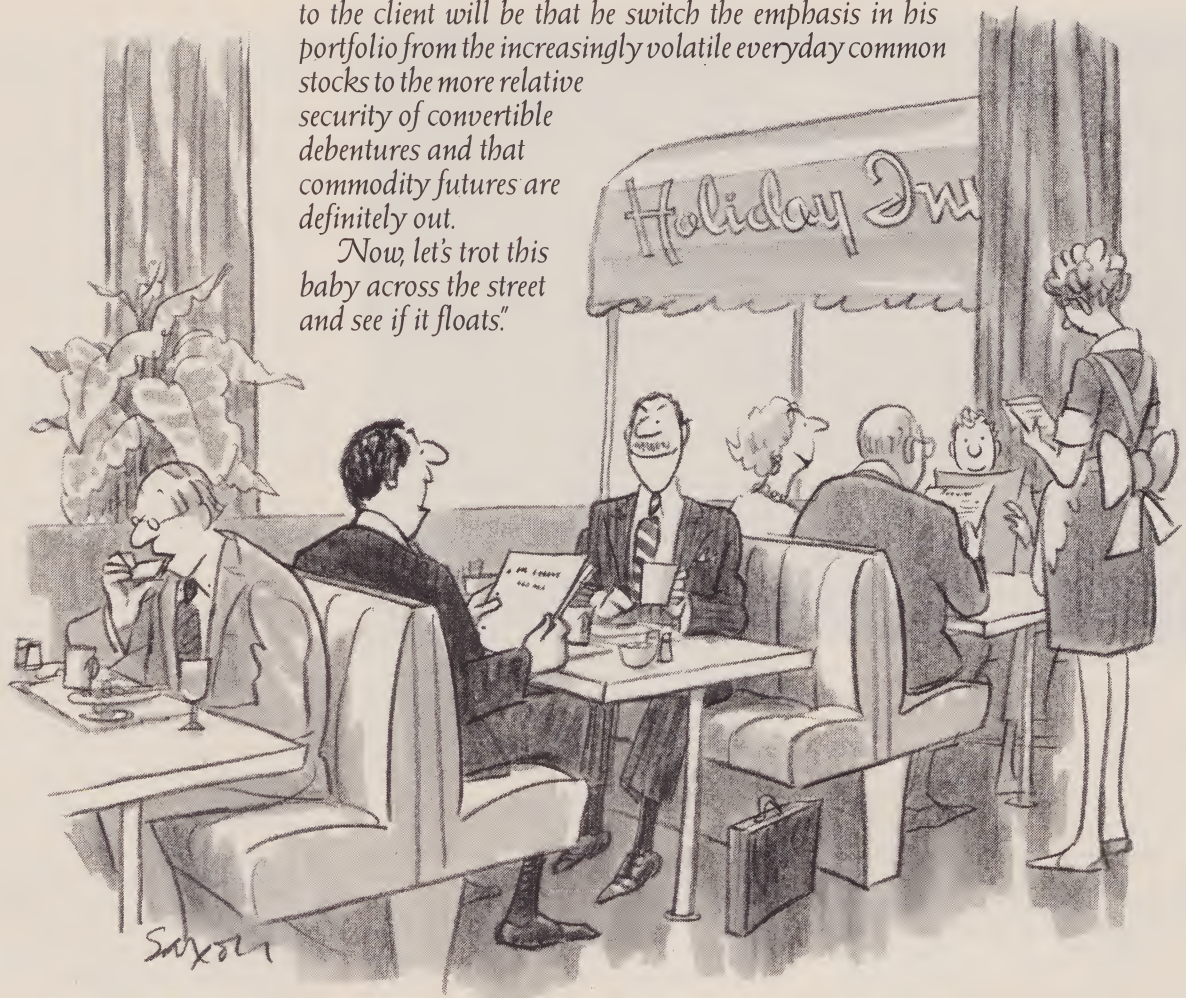
O'Brien: More business busts coming

"They gave me some unemployment insurance forms the other day," Bob Taylor is saying in a voice still numbed by the shock of his company's collapse. "It was the first time in my life I've ever had to fill one out. They ask this question, you know. It says: 'What do you do?' I didn't know what to put." What he will do after helping the receivers give Moncton Lumber a proper burial, he says, will be to look for a job.

He joined the company 21 years ago as a general office worker and came up through the ranks to the presidency. "I guess I'll try to find something as an accountant. That's what I did before." He already knows it won't be easy. "I went to one national firm where I'd done some business and knew people and asked them about a job. The person I talked to said, 'Bob, you're 46 years old. Forget it.'" He stops, thinks for a minute. "Times are tough," he says finally, "times are real tough." 

"We're in agreement then that our recommendation to the client will be that he switch the emphasis in his portfolio from the increasingly volatile everyday common stocks to the more relative security of convertible debentures and that commodity futures are definitely out."

"Now, let's trot this baby across the street and see if it floats."



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FOLKS



JAMES WILSON

Kennedy: A future world champion?

Most parents see no future in having their sons hang around pool halls. But **Greg Kennedy**, 48, takes his son, **Jeff**, 9, to a Saint John, N.B., pool hall almost every day. Jeff's there to prepare for his future. For hours he practises shots and learns the finer points of snooker, a game popular in Commonwealth nations. "Jeff," his father predicts, "is going to be a world champion." Pre-teens are seldom seen in pool halls because laws bar them unless accompanied by an adult, and if they do get in, they're not tall enough for the tables. Kennedy solved the height problem by designing stilts, basically wooden soles mounted on three legs. "Jeff wears a pair 12 inches high," Kennedy says. "He can lean over the table like an adult so we can teach him the correct stances without having to wait until he grows taller." Jeff began shooting last year and already can sink 100 balls in a row. He's given demonstrations at the New Brunswick, Maritime and Canadian championships. But his father is in no hurry to have Jeff start competing. "We're following a step-by-step plan," Kennedy says. "I just want him to learn how to shoot. The rest will come later."

When **Charles Horwood** of St. John's, Nfld., went to the Quangu Trade Fair in Canton last spring, he apologized for placing such a small order. His hosts didn't mind. Under China's current economic retrenchment, big projects are out, small-to-medium-sized businesses—especially Canadian ones—are in. Horwood's firm, Preferred Imports, is one of them. The St. John's office of the federal Department of Industry, Trade and Commerce says he's the first Newfoundlander to attempt to deal directly with the Chinese. "He knows just what he

wants and he knows where he's headed," says Kay Coxworthy, a senior official in the department's St. John's office. The 28-year-old Horwood, a nephew of Newfoundland writer Harold Horwood, invested \$30,000 in Chinese blown glass, stainless steel knives with cherrywood handles and inlaid brass, a wooden jewelry box decorated with jadeite and an intricately designed key, and exquisite soapstone sculptures. A skilled woodworker himself, he says he's not out to make a fast buck: He'll be selective about the outlets that handle his imports. But he knows that as China becomes more industrialized, the individually handcrafted products will become more rare and more precious. "I'd rather have them sitting on my shelf than gold ingots," he says.



DAVID NICHOLS

Horwood with Chinese handcrafts

Newfoundlanders aren't exactly lining up to join **Marilyn Pumphrey's** new citizens' group. And that's not exactly surprising. Pumphrey, 38, is the founder of Newfoundland's only anti-sealing organization, Newfoundlanders Against the Seal Hunt (NASH). A freelance writer who describes herself as an animal lover and conservationist, Pumphrey wrote to the Greenpeace organization last year to ask if she could help in the seal hunt protest. A Vancouver-based group, Canadians Against the Seal Hunt (CASH) replied, suggesting she set up a local chapter. When Pumphrey bought a newspaper ad announcing her intentions, she received about two dozen phone calls, most of them hostile. "People would ask how much money I was getting, and the media people would ask me if I felt like a traitor," she says. "It's like a sacred tradition—it's just not allowed to be questioned." Nevertheless, about a dozen people set up a chapter of CASH, later switching to an independent group, partly because outside protest groups are unpopular in Newfoundland. Pumphrey says NASH has no money and plans no fund-raising. It hopes to encourage Newfoundlanders "to take an objective look at the seal hunt—now that the Depression is over and no one is starving." NASH also wants to show people around the world that "there is a small nucleus of people in Newfoundland who are against the hunt," Pumphrey says. That small nucleus doesn't, by the way, include her husband, Ron, a city councillor and former radio open line host. "He's for the seal hunt, really," Pumphrey says, "but he supported my right to take a stand."

Women are as much a part of the farm as the farmers," says **Florence Simmons** of Wilmot, P.E.I. "Yet sometimes the husband will buy more land and the woman doesn't even know about it." Simmons, whose job on the family farm near Summerside includes selling eggs from 2,300 laying hens and helping keep the books, is an organizer and president of Women in Support of Agriculture. The organization, with about 50 members, aims to have farm wives take a more active role in operating the family farm. It started two years ago, after women attending an Island farm conference agreed that they knew little about the business and science of agriculture. The group now sponsors conferences and workshops on such diverse topics as laws affecting agriculture, and stress on the farm. Simmons also attends as many farm conferences as possible with her husband, Eldred, president of the P.E.I. Federation of Agriculture, to keep abreast of current farm concerns. She says women should be able to run the farm if their husbands get sick or die. And most farm husbands, she says,

applaud the idea of women taking more responsibility. Some women, however, remain skeptical. "Some women think we're just a bunch of women's libbers," Simmons says, "but we're not."

If Dallas Urquhart, a Moncton, N.B., grandmother, had lived 500 years ago, she might have been burned at the stake for practising witchcraft. Urquhart simply speaks to people and they give up smoking, stick to their weight-reducing diets, bowl better and stop biting their fingernails. She even makes their warts go away. Urquhart is no dabbler in the occult, however. A full-time professional hypnotist, she helps people tap the power of their unconscious minds. After her individual or group sessions, she says, clients are better equipped to relax in stressful situations or to perform up to their potential. "If you're capable of bowling 400, I can help you do that," she says. "If you're not, I can't." A nurse and mother of seven, she began offering hypnosis 13 years ago on a part-time basis after completing several courses and then went full-time five years ago. Accident investigators find her services useful. "If 12 people witness an accident, they may tell 12 different stories," she says. "Under hypnosis, the stories are all the same." She also deals with medical complaints, but only on referral from doctors. Once she even hypnotized herself and underwent an operation without an anesthetic for removal of a small tumor. Some hypnotists claim they can transport people back to a former life. Urquhart, who charges \$50 an hour, says she could do that, but doesn't expect to be asked. "It's a long, therefore expensive, process."

It's the classic girl-and-a-horse tale: Girl meets difficult horse; girl and horse make good. The girl is **Kellie White**, 13, of Winsloe, P.E.I., who acquired Okkey,



Kellie White and Okkey: A perfect team

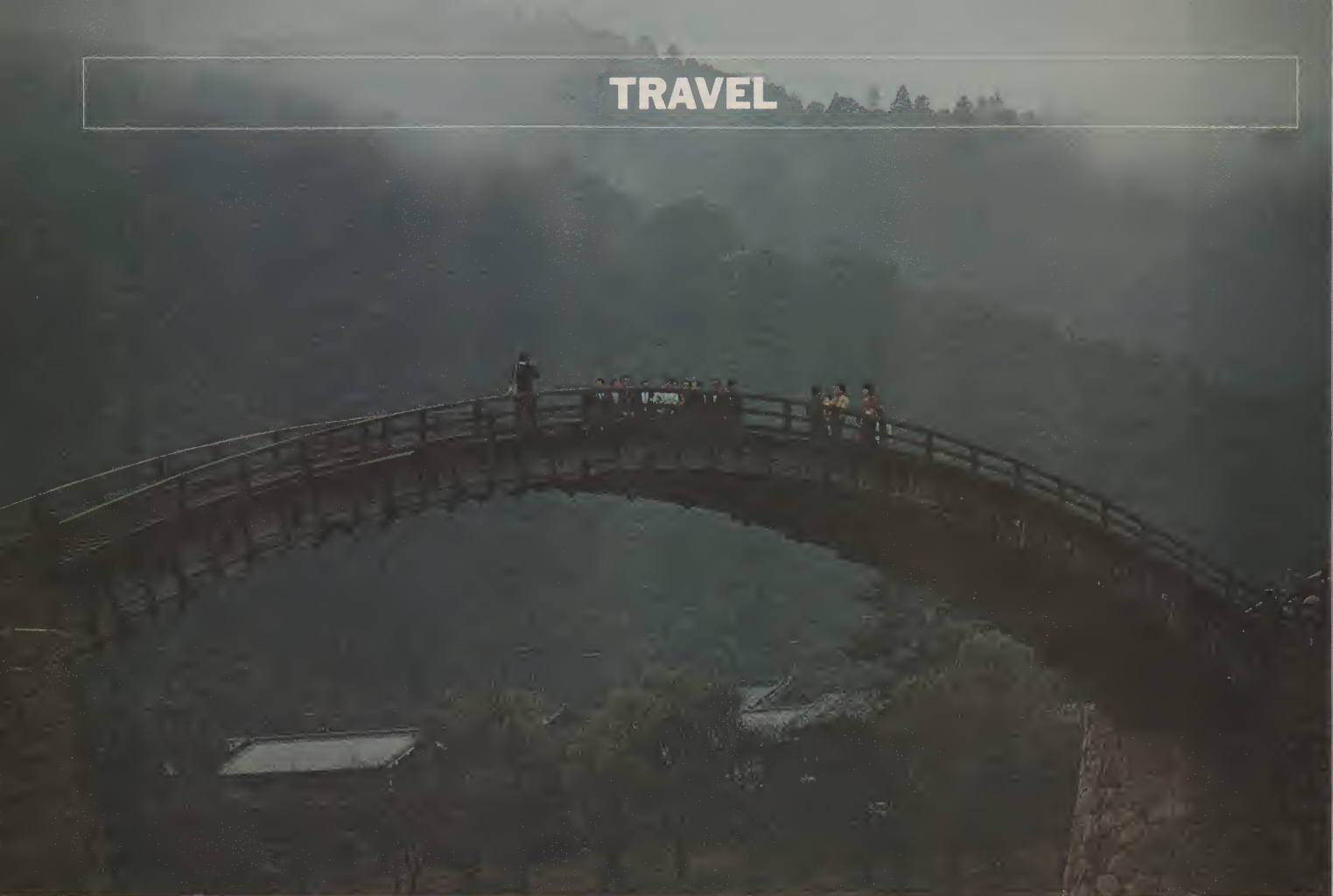
a dun-colored pony, three years ago. Okkey, then four years old, had been through a series of owners, who thought she'd never amount to much because of her skittishness. One even talked of having her destroyed because he couldn't control her. Then Okkey, a quarter-horse-appaloosa cross standing at 14.1 hands, and Kellie started training together, as much as 14 hours a week. "We had a good working relationship," Kellie says. That relationship led to an array of titles and trophies at riding events throughout the Maritimes and in Ontario, including pony jumper champion at the Atlantic Winter Fair last fall,

pony hunter champion at the Maritime Winter Fair and reserve pony jumper champion at Charlottetown's Old Home Week. Kellie, who's been riding since she was seven, plans to take Okkey to Hudson, Que., this summer to continue training and competing in Quebec and Ontario. Kellie says Okkey still has her sensitive moments (her official name is Touch Me Not), but the two make a perfect team. "She's really good when I ride her," Kellie says, "and she's got a lot of talent."

For Halifax clowns **Valerie Dean** and **Don Rieder**, clowning can be a serious business. In their stage show at Dalhousie University this month, for example, they do a mime and clown act that's strictly for adults. In one act, Rieder, sitting in a wheelchair, expresses through facial movements the feeling of confinement; in another, Dean tries to portray the idea of thought. "There's more to clowns than jest," Dean explains. The couple put down roots in Halifax recently after almost 10 years of studying and touring in North America and Europe. Dean, 31, who grew up in Dartmouth, N.S., has been giving private lessons in movement fundamentals, which train students—mostly dancers—to use their bodies efficiently and avoid stress. Rieder, 33, who's from Cleveland, Ohio, conducted clowning workshops at Dalhousie's theatre department. He met Dean at a mime studio in rural Wisconsin five years ago, after he'd studied mime in Czechoslovakia and performed with circus groups in Europe. The couple will continue studies in their art this year: They leave in June for a year in Seattle, Wash., to complete a course in movement fundamentals. "The body is our medium," Rieder says.

Dean and Rieder: The medium is the body





Misty landscape at Iwakuni

The many-splendored magic of Japan

In the midst of this bustling, western-influenced country are traces of the ancient Orient as delicate as embroidery on a kimono. They're what make it worthwhile to come halfway round the world

By Colleen Thompson

The ride from Tokyo to Nagoya on Japan's *Bullet*, billed as the fastest train in the world (at 130 m.p.h.), is dramatic at any time. But for a person whose last daylight memory is New Brunswick, it's mind-reeling. Picture any Japanese watercolor. You'll have some idea of the view from the window. Misty landscapes of feathery green hills and valleys fall back to perfectly formed snow-capped peaks, framed by exotically shaped trees. Coolie-hatted farmers wade knee-deep in handkerchief-sized rice paddies of a light, almost fluorescent, green. Wooden houses with paper windows and upturned tiled roofs of cobalt blue nestle under tiered rows of tea bushes or beside a lotus field. Occasionally on the horizon, there's a glimpse of a gilded pagoda or the vermilion *tori* (gate) of a Shinto shrine.

We were so mesmerized by the scenery we almost forgot our destination. But as we drew closer to Nagoya, the illusion of unchanged, ancient Japan shattered.

Like any industrial city of its type (it's one of the three major industrial areas of Japan), Nagoya's outskirts are jammed with factories and all the trappings of industry. Its centre features soaring office buildings, a 180-metre high television tower (from which you can see the Japanese Alps) and a vast and bustling shopping area, both above and below ground.

In 1945, as a centre of aircraft production and an armament industry, Nagoya was seriously damaged by Allied air raids. You'd never know that today. The huge modern city of more than two million inhabitants sprawls out in every direction from its position on the southwest coast of Honshu, the biggest of the four islands that (along with about 500 tiny ones) make up the country of Japan.

At the station, we commandeered a taxi whose driver giggled all the way around the block. (We found out later he'd been trying to tell us we could walk out the other entrance and cross the street to the very door of our hotel). Still

grinning and bobbing, he refused a tip (most cabbies hand it back) and drove away on the left hand side of the street as they do in Britain.

By this time, jet lag was catching up with us. It's a 17-hour flight with a one-hour break in Anchorage, Alaska, and a two-hour bus ride to the train station in Tokyo. We were groggy, grungy and bewildered. Crossing the international date line meant that our digital watches weren't registering the right day, let alone the right time.

Let's see. If it's 9 a.m. in Fredericton, it's 9 p.m. in Japan. We've lost a day, so if we call New Brunswick today from Japan, it'll be *yesterday* in Fredericton???" It was all too confusing. It didn't matter. All we could think of was *sleep*.

But when the bellboy opened the door of a pale green-carpeted room and indicated the slippers by the door and the kimonos laid out on the bed, the tension of the trip began to evaporate like the mists on the Japanese hills. We tried out the complimentary toothbrushes, ah-ed over razors, shampoo and shaving lotion, soaked in a steamy tub and then, wrapped in the kimonos, sat at a low table pouring hot green tea into

dainty china cups. That soothing liquid seemed to give us enough energy to turn on the bright red TV set and watch a round of sumo wrestling before we finally hit our beds to sleep around the clock.

We awakened next morning to blue skies and more surprises. For one thing, nothing was as expensive as we'd been led to believe. We'd been warned of \$200 hotel rooms, \$100 meals and \$5 heads of lettuce. Although we did meet a Canadian in Nagoya who was munching on a \$2 apple, prices were generally reasonable, and in most cases the delicious meals were downright cheap.

We slept in what the Japanese call "businessmen's hotels," good, modern establishments located all over Japan, with moderate rates. In Kyoto, we booked into the Sunflower, a Japanese-style hotel. The bare room, furnished only with a low table and cushions on tatami mats covering glowing, polished wood floors, was surprisingly attractive. When the Japanese houseboys came to make up the beds (thick, feathery futons spread on the floor), they pulled several rice paper screens across the room to create a separate sleeping area. Sleeping on the floor in these fluffy envelopes is more comfortable than you would imagine, even if you do feel as if you're at a pyjama party.

You get somewhat the same feeling when you head for the communal Japanese bath. There you are in your little cotton kimono, on the elevators with dozens of other people in the same costume. We'd been told that men and women bathe together in the nude, and we weren't sure our western minds were ready for that. But when the whole population of the hotel began descending to the basement baths, we thought we should at least look in. We needn't have worried. Men's and women's sections are separated by a partition. But you do slip into the giant tub in your altogether. And it's not exactly a bath...more like a long hot soak. The bath part comes first. You have to sit under a shower and scrub and soap yourself to spotless perfection. Then you rinse thoroughly before you hop into the tub of uncomfortably hot water. I could only take a few minutes before I began to feel like the main ingredient in a chicken stew, but the Japanese stay in for hours, coming out only occasionally for a dash of cool water under the shower.

Although the bath was fun, our introduction to another Japanese custom, the massage, was pure torture. You can easily tell the latest victims by watching the breakfast parade. They arrive, creaking and crawling into the breakfast room, groaning at the tiny effort of lifting a coffee cup to their lips, whimpering as a purse strap touches a shoulder and walking stiff-legged and backwards down steps. A strapping young athlete who'd been in tip-top shape the day before moaned that he felt as if he'd been pummelled by rubber hoses. We all agreed that a Japanese massage is excru-

ciating and that there's really no fun at all in having each one of your fingers and toes pulled until they pop.

In Nagoya, we stayed at the Miyako Hotel, a sprawling, centrally located hostelry, perched above one of the underground shopping areas. It's surrounded by a dozen other hotels and tall department stores. The streets leading off in every direction were lined with garishly neon *pachinko* parlors, where rows of Japanese pinball addicts sit for hours at the upright machines, listening to the sound of the metal balls as they fall into place—a sound that gives the game its name.

But even in this bustling city, you find traces of the traditional Japan.

Occasionally we'd sit in the lobby, watching the Nagoyans pass by. Often a dainty young woman minced along on high *geta* (wooden sandals), draped in a delicately embroidered kimono. One afternoon, we saw an elderly couple, both in kimonos, she gracefully carrying a parasol and he fluttering a fan. On another occasion, a horde of fierce-looking sumo wrestlers, top-knotted and kimono-clad, charged into my elevator. Not one looked as if he'd weigh less than 300 pounds, and the lobby seemed to tremble as they bounded toward me. As I emerged they all bowed politely.

Outside, the streets were crowded with immaculate teen-agers in blue jeans and T-shirts. And at noon, the lunch room and bar were full of businessmen carrying briefcases and wearing navy-blue suits (the same men, we were told, who probably went home to kimono and tea as a western businessman would to his pipe and slippers).

Anachronisms are everywhere. One of Nagoya's treasures, the 300-year-old Nagoya Castle, built by Tokugawa Ieyasu, founder of the Tokugawa Shogunate (said to be the Toranaga of James Clavell's novel *Shogun*), was damaged during the Second World War. Today the castle stands again, rebuilt exactly as it was, on the same high stone walls, five ivory storeys with a tower surmounted by two golden dolphins. Most tourists use the castle and the TV tower as landmarks. On the day we visited, we stood on the old castle wall and watched an extremely lively baseball game in full swing on the other side of the ancient moat.

One day we were invited to lunch at the home of a Japanese wine merchant. We removed our shoes before stepping on the polished wood floor and, with much bowing, our host led us to the

central room of the house where we sat on tatami mats at a low table. Shoji screens closed or opened up the floor space as required and the family's Shinto shrine stood against one wall. Through the open side of the room, we gazed out at a peaceful rock garden with a trickling stream, artfully designed to fill the small space between the house and the high wall of the street. It was hard to believe we were actually in the centre of a bustling city. Surely *this* was the real Japan. We sipped *cha* and exchanged compliments in the Japanese fashion. Like Clavell's Blackthorne-san, we could almost feel the mantle of old Japan slipping over us. Then lunch arrived. Our hostess carefully placed dainty plates

COLLEEN THOMPSON



Nagoya Castle: The old Japan, within a bustling city

and tiny napkins in front of us. What could it be? Sushi? Tempura? Chawanmushi? She whipped off the cover of the tray and offered us...egg salad sandwiches and a bottle of beer!

Part of the reason for the strange juxtaposition of cultures stems from the fact that for 2,000 years, Japan was isolated from the rest of the world. Occasionally, the Japanese did borrow something from their nearest neighbors—China's writing style, Korea's religious beliefs. But they invariably made it over into something different and highly ori-

TRAVEL

ginal, essentially developing as a unique people. The Tokugawa Shogunate tried very hard to keep Japanese society from changing. Of the four classes it protected—warrior, artisan, farmer and merchant—the merchant class was considered most inferior. Now it is the merchant and the artisan who are most respected.

Commodore Matthew Perry of the U.S. Navy was responsible for that change. Before 1853, when he sailed into Urago harbor and convinced the Japanese to begin trading with the West, it was forbidden on pain of death to leave the country. So until about 100 years ago, Japan was a closed country, caring little for the outside world. Since then, it's become one of the world's great powers, surpassed only by the United

people were delightful—polite, helpful, enthusiastic and exemplary hosts. One night after we'd dined well on Japan's unsurpassed shellfish (king crab, in this case) and luxuriated in the services of a kneeling waitress who anticipated our every sip of sake, we decided to seek out some nightlife. We headed along the neon-lit boulevard and after several "Japanese only" rebuffs, found just the sort of dim, opium-den-like hideaway we were seeking. Inside, behind beaded curtains, the perfectly respectable patrons sat on the floor, shoes safely tucked away in the wall shelves, drinking Suntory beer (an excellent brew equalled only by Suntory whisky, Red or Black label). They were taking turns singing into a special microphone that miraculously reproduced their voices in a pro-

lightning toward the dark mountain peaks. Through it all, lantern-lit barges sailed past, full of costumed, dancing men and women. Finally, as it became very dark, the fishing boats came charging in, each one spearheaded by a blazing basket of charcoal to bring up the fish. Tied to each boat were a dozen cormorants, long-necked birds that have been trained to bring fish to the boats (prevented from swallowing the fish by a ring around their necks). The flames silhouetted the captains as they stood, eerie and menacing, in black Merlin-like hoods, and made phosphorescent whorls in the inky water where the darting, ducking birds seemed to resemble a multi-headed sea monster.

In Nagoya we'd met Fusako, a charming lady from Kyoto, who offered to act as our guide when we came to her area. Kyoto and Nara are two cities so full of treasures, that, by gentlemen's agreement, they were not bombed during the Second World War. Kyoto, headquarters of the Zen Buddhism sect, is still a city of geishas, palaces and national treasures. There are more than 3,000 Buddhist temples and more than 300 Shinto shrines. Fusako was determined we should see every one. As we charged from shrine to temple to palace, my mind became a blur of images. "Templed out," the guide books call it. Only a few have stayed in my memory. One was the Heian Shrine, built in 1895 to commemorate the 1,100th anniversary of the founding of Kyoto. Its colorful buildings are miniature versions of the first Imperial Palace. Another is the Temple of 1,000 Images at Sanju-Sangendo, a 13th-century Buddhist temple containing a giant gold image of Kannon, Goddess of Mercy and 1,000 other images of the same 1,000-armed deity. But the most beautiful sight I saw that day was the Golden Pavilion at the Kinaku-ji temple, which sits, gilded and tranquil, on a mirror-image lake, surrounded by lovely gardens—one of those perfect Japanese creations designed to bring inner peace to mind and body.

We followed our energetic friend to Chion-In, a Buddhist temple with a famous "singing floor," ingeniously constructed so that each step upon it creates a sound like a bird song. And finally, Fusako pointed out five hills of Kyoto where huge fires are lit in the middle of August to celebrate the O-Bon, a Buddhist festival for the souls of the dead. The fires called O-Bon fires are supposed to be guides for the souls, and that's the origin of our word, bonfire.

I was constantly running into familiar expressions like this. Fusako told me of another. When the Emperor retired to his chambers in the old days, his wives and consorts were never sure which one he would desire that night. So they'd choose one woman to serve his tea. If she



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Night river fishing by trained cormorants at Kyoto

States and the Soviet Union as an industrial nation.

The big cities of Japan seem to have acquired a thick veneer of westernization, so it's surprising sometimes to find yourself the object of curiosity. Sometimes in an elevator, a small child will cling to its mother and stare, asking a question in Japanese. I'm almost sure it could be translated to "Is that a foreign devil, mommy?"

And on subways, a red-haired, fair-skinned writer can look up suddenly to find the occupants of the whole coach examining her with childlike fascination. That sort of experience—and the fact that at the airport we had to register at a desk labelled Aliens—is a little shocking to North Americans who've been brought up to think of themselves as the majority. So were the polite but firm refusals to let us enter some of the night spots. "So sorry. Japanese only," they would say. My guide book says that it's only because the Japanese like to keep some places to themselves, that they mean no disrespect.

Generally though, the Japanese

fessional sound complete with full musical background. As the beat became blatantly more disco and the rows of empty beer mugs grew longer, we began to tap and nod to the music. Suddenly the waiter whisked away several of the low tables, lifted a couple of tatami mats and bowed us onto this makeshift dance floor. Maybe it was the sake, the beer or the night, but our feet seemed to take on some of the same magic as the voices of the singers. When we finally bid the place *sayonara*, we were given a standing ovation, and to admiring cries of "the dancers, the dancers!" we fled into the night, feeling for all the world like Travolta and Newton John.

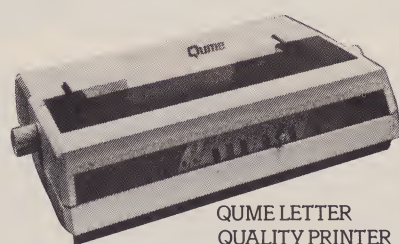
A different highlight was the night we spent on the Nagara River watching the cormorant fishing. We boarded sampans at sunset, and while we waited for darkness, dined on box lunches and the ever-present beer and bought fireworks from boys in passing rowboats. As we waved sparklers, sending fiery flowers into the sky, nature began to outdo us, making the clouds shudder with thunder and hurling pink bolts of



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was not the girl of his dreams, he would politely decline the tea with, "I am sorry, but this is *not my cup of tea*."

In Nara I learned of another example. We visited the Great Sun Buddha, largest bronze Buddha in the world. The Buddha is 71 feet high with a thumb more than six feet long and eyes more than four feet wide. A man, they say, can crawl up his nostril and to prove it, they've got a reproduction of the hole in the nose on the floor where doubting tourists can try.

After we'd finished peering at the big guy, we went into the Deer Park among hundreds of deer that wander at will. They've been protected ever since Buddha once rode into town on the back of one and they follow you everywhere expecting deer cookies. If you don't happen to have any, they'll eat your passport, your money or anything else you haven't pushed well down into your pocket. They do have a quaint trick, though. If you bow to them, they'll bow right back in true Japanese fashion.

There's a big fine for killing one of these deer. The penalty used to be even worse—instant death. Even if the body of a deer was found in front of your house, you'd be dragged out and executed on the spot. It's no wonder Nara residents got to be early risers. They'd look out, and if they happened to see a deer carcass, they'd move it over to the neighbor's. Thus the expression "passing the buck."

Customs are changing dramatically in Japan, but women, especially, still have a long way to go. Although some of the younger generation now defy their parents and choose their own mates, many still accept arranged marriage. Fusako was one of these. "I didn't love him," she told us. "I didn't even like him. Each day I prayed that he would die. Then he got sick and he did die. For a long time I felt that I had killed him." Even so, Fusako regrets the passing of many of the old traditions. She's sorry that the art of the geisha is dying out. "Young girls are not willing to put up with the extensive training," she says. "They want to be like men."

You will occasionally glimpse a geisha, especially a *maiko* (trainee), as she goes from teahouse to teahouse to preside at the tea ceremony. They are exquisite, like miniature dolls, every movement and gesture graceful, the quintessence of the old idea of femininity. The geisha's kimono may cost \$10,000 and she may have 50 of them. Her appearance at a party could cost each guest \$250. Although many westerners have the idea that a geisha (or *geiko*, as they prefer to be called) is a sort of high-priced call girl, nothing is further from the truth. A geiko provides beauty, witty, intelligent conversation, and artistic skills in playing the samisen and the koto, and

in singing, dancing and playacting. In a way, I agree with Fusako.

We put off visiting Tokyo until the last few days of our vacation. I was not looking forward to it. Once again, we were in for a surprise. The sun sparkled on tall, colorful buildings set against a clear, blue sky. Spotless buses, cars, trucks and taxis, whose drivers sported snow-white gloves, thronged the wide Ginza streets at "rushawa" and ribbons and lanterns hung on delicately leafed trees. The walklights made sounds like cuckoos and robins; the spicy smell of incense and the shivery sound of gongs drifted from narrow alleys leading to temples. It's hard to believe that this city contains 12½ million people. But then the infamous pollution doesn't show, either. Still I did notice an occasional person wearing a gauze mask, and I developed a throat irritation.

Purists say Tokyo is not really indicative of Japan. But we found enough oriental ambience in the side street noodle shops, the bowing, kimono-clad girls who welcome you to each floor of the elegant department stores, and in the hidden lanes of ancient, polished wood and paper houses.

Eating was a constant joy. To help diners choose, each restaurant displays lifelike wax replicas of everything they serve. One night, we wandered unknowingly into a Fugu restaurant, a place where they serve the ugly, black, puffed up blowfish, a creature whose glands secrete a powerful poison that will taint the flesh if accidentally pierced during the preparation. We began with Fugu sashimi, thinly sliced raw fish with a delicate flavor. The rest of the fish is eaten as a stew cooked on the table in front of you. Although a noted Kabuki actor died recently after eating fugu in a licensed restaurant, there's no denying that knowing one is eating a poisonous fish adds spice to the meal.

No matter where you wander in Japan, you'll have an experience. Some can be memorable. Like the day we climbed Kakuoan Hill in Nagoya, and found a lovely Japanese garden with a tiny, curved footbridge. Drifting through the hanging cherry trees came the smell of incense which, together with the muffled sound of a gong, led us across a broad courtyard to a temple. Leaving our shoes outside, we climbed the steps and sat on the tatami mats against the back wall while chanting monks, in flowing robes of white and turquoise, knelt and bowed toward a golden Buddha. From behind a gilded screen sounded the rich, deep note of the great bronze gong. Outside the sun blazed and cicadas shrieked. But we sat, cool and at peace, in a rare moment of perfect harmony. It was worth every bit of time and money it took to come to this spot halfway around the world. ☒

MODERN DANCE

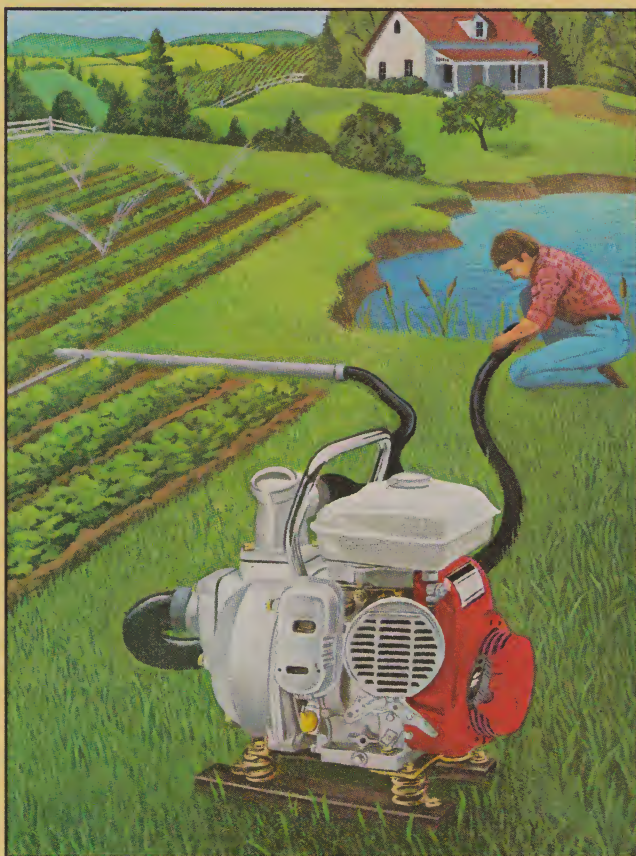
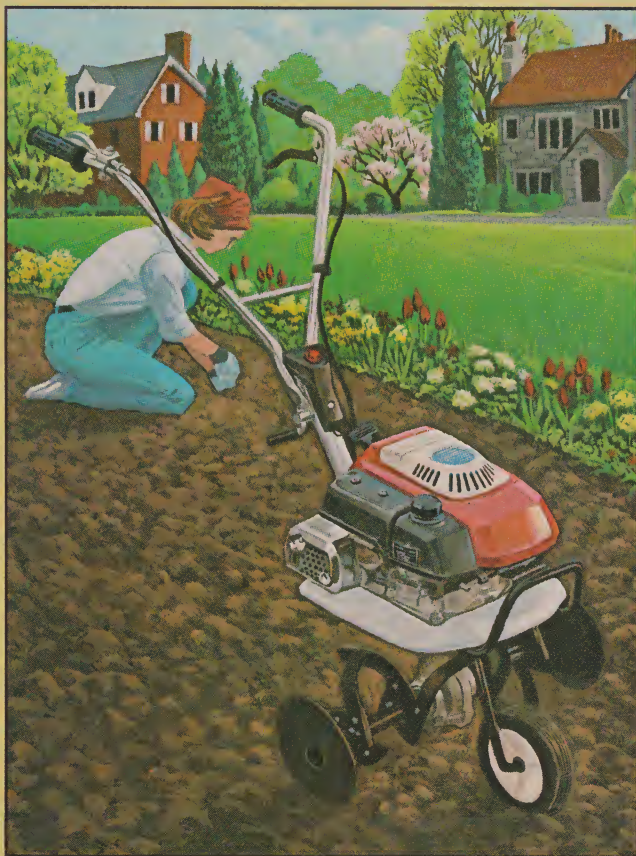


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Kidder and Rekert as ill-fated lovers

Don Shebib's bruised, fragile triumph

Heartaches is dramatic evidence that you don't necessarily have to get along with your leading lady to make a good movie

By Martin Knelman

From the moment Donald Shebib and Margot Kidder started working together on *Heartaches*, there was trouble. It had been, for openers, a shotgun marriage. He had spent several years developing the script with screenwriter Terence Heffernan, and he felt it was a dream project. *Heartaches* is the story of two female misfits who get thrown together on their way to Toronto; they wind up sharing a decaying apartment, working together at an Italian factory and trying to sort out each other's messy lives. For the part of the dreamy, pregnant runaway, Shebib was delighted to have the gifted but little-known American actress Annie Potts. For the role of the loud, pushy klutz, he was less than delighted to have Margot Kidder. But he knew he needed her. Kidder, after all, was a very big name, especially after playing Lois Lane to Christopher Reeve's Superman. Shebib didn't want a star. He wanted someone fat and unknown, and as unattractive as possible. Somehow the script fell into the hands of Margot Kidder, who is thin and famous and, in a completely unorthodox way, sensationally attractive. She loved it, she was determined to do it, and Shebib was powerless to resist.

Margot Kidder had a name big enough to nail down those elusive inves-

tors, and she came on like gangbusters at a time when other sought-after people—Bette Midler and Stockard Channing—had turned the part down. The movie was financed on the strength of her name, and after several nervous-making postponements, the shooting actually began in Toronto a year ago. Luckily, through all the delays, Shebib was able to hold his cast and crew.

Tempers were running high by this



Potts and Carradine: Marital problems

time, and the star and director opened with a head-on clash. Under pressure from the producers, Shebib was throwing out pieces of the script and rewriting it as they went along. Kidder, who wanted to stick to the script she had read, was in a rage. She also demanded more time to rehearse, and imported her own dialect coach.

Margot Kidder and Don Shebib have both earned reputations as *enfants terribles*. The film was bringing Kidder back to Toronto, a city with painful memories for her. After growing up in scuzzy mining towns across Canada, she remembers being sent to Havergal College, where she was accurately pegged as a troublemaker. It had been 12 years since Norman Jewison spotted her photograph in *Maclean's* and whisked her off to Hollywood, where, despite occasional kicking-and-screaming renunciations of stardom, she became, almost against her will, a movie star, more often than not in films she despised, such as *The Amityville Horror*. And there was more than a trace left in her of the brilliant, bratty underachiever, full of rebellious defiance. Don Shebib has earned a reputation as English Canada's most brilliant film director, but he is also a notorious grouch and a chronic complainer, given to sounding off to the press and putting down everyone in sight. It would be an understatement to say that Kidder and Shebib did not get along. They screamed at each other, they

stopped speaking. She saw in him not a moody genius but simply an appalling boor; he thought she couldn't act. They spent vast sums of energy bad-mouthing each other. It was like a Canadian replay of the delicious tantrum scene between Carole Lombard and John Barrymore in *Twentieth Century*.

You might guess, knowing something of the circumstances, that *Heartaches* would turn out to be another Canadian movie fiasco, but you'd be completely wrong. *Heartaches* may be the most dramatic evidence we've had in this country that good films do not necessarily go hand-in-hand with having everybody involved getting along with one another and being ever so polite. Maybe rotten movies make it easier for people to get along, the lowered standards inducing an air of relaxation. She will probably scream down anybody who tries to tell her this, but Margot Kidder gives the best performance of her life in *Heartaches* under Shebib's direction. He'll probably blanch to hear it, but Margot Kidder is the best thing Shebib has going for him in this movie. *Heartaches* is lively and engaging, and defies being labelled, categorized or dismissed. It has such a winning spirit that even when it goes terribly wrong—as it does in places—it never loses the good will of the audience. *Heartaches* manages to be endearing without being sucky. It has been a long time since we've had a film with characters you could laugh at and root for at the same time. But because it's not quite like other movies, the industry may not know quite what to make of it. *Heartaches* had its world premiere at the Festival of Festivals, but its commercial, theatrical future remains murky.

The story was inspired by *The Bottle Factory Outing*, a novel by the English writer Beryl Bainbridge. Shebib bought an option on the novel and commissioned an adaptation, but in the course of developing the movie, so many changes were made that eventually Shebib and screenwriter Heffernan threw the book out and went their own way. The film opens in the small Ontario lakeside town where Bonnie, the character played by Annie Potts, lives with her husband, Stanley. As played by the young American actor Robert Carradine (the younger brother of Keith and David), Stanley is an overgrown boy who seems happiest when he's regressing with his buddies. They live in a world of exclusively male camaraderie, symbolized by Stanley's living room littered with sports trophies and baseball posters. Bonnie is pregnant, and Stanley is in a state of juvenile excitement. It hasn't occurred to him that the child might be female; women don't exist on the same level of reality. Stanley is looking forward to having a little playmate and sparring partner. It wouldn't be hard to guess why Bonnie might find Stanley impossible to live with even if she weren't tormented by her terrible secret. Not only is the baby not

Stanley's, but the real father, a slow-witted mechanic who lives nearby, has a telltale mop of fiery red hair. Desperate to hide the situation from Stanley and get rid of the fetus before it pops out of her womb with damning red hair, Bonnie sneaks away and gets on a bus for Toronto. The most boisterous boondocks comedy occurs as Bonnie is making her getaway and Stanley and his cohorts give chase.

It's on that bus that we get our first look at Margot Kidder as Rita. She is wearing jeans and a cowboy jacket with gaudy beads, and a T-shirt that proclaims her heart's fondness for "les hommes." Her hair is a frizzy yellow patch of chaos. Rita always seems to be chewing gum

and talking too loudly. She walks like a truck driver, and comes on so strong that she scares away people even as she reaches out to them. Margot Kidder's Rita, the epitome of cheap glamor, is a genuine original. She's a great comic creation, but our involvement with her goes beyond comedy. Rita behaves like someone who has been around too much to need protecting, but this is a lie she enjoys projecting. The truth is, she hasn't the slightest idea how to protect herself. She sets herself up as Bonnie's guardian, but Rita is the one who really needs to be looked after. It's this contradiction that gives *Heartaches* its emotional kick.

Heartaches reminded me a bit of *Notes for a Film About Donna and Gail*,



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MOVIES

Don Owen's fine black and white short film, made at the National Film Board in 1966, about two Montreal girls living together and working at a factory. But *Heartaches* has Shebib's own individual sensibility stamped all over it. He's tremendously drawn to characters on the fringe of society, and his affection for drifters and eccentrics has always been the strongest element in his movie. But Shebib has also been described as obsessed with losers, and this has been used against him, as evidence that he could never have a popular touch. In *Heartaches*, he beats that rap without wiping

himself out the way he did in *Second Wind*. This is the upbeat, feminist flip side to *Goin' Down the Road*. Shebib is lovingly accurate about small class distinctions; despite his disavowals, he's a first-rate social documentarian. He gets the details of the Italian factory right, and catches an aspect of Toronto's underside that hasn't been shown in films before. One of the best scenes in the movie is the Italian community picnic, and it unmistakably carries Shebib's signature, just as surely as did the funeral scene in *Between Friends*.

Robert Carradine and Annie Potts

are both likable and funny in an understated way, though they seem overshadowed by Margot Kidder, maybe because the movie never delves very deeply into their characters. Where *Heartaches* goes terribly wrong is in the whole section about Marcello, the Italian dreamboat whose uncle owns the factory. As played by Winston Reckert, Marcello is Old World in such an embarrassingly phony way that you feel you've stumbled into some other movie. Marcello is a stock type and a plot device, but he's never for a moment a real person. Yet in terms of audience rapport, *Heartaches* has so much going for it that we're willing to forgive even so crucial a flaw. If the movie were a washout, Shebib and Kidder could blame each other. Whether they like it or not, *Heartaches* turns out to be a bruised, fragile triumph that they're going to have to share.

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
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Missing

Costa-Gavras, the *agent provocateur* of film directors, tells the story of a young American journalist who was killed during the 1973 coup that brought the Pinochet regime to power in Chile. Jack Lemmon plays his father, who becomes convinced that the American embassy was involved in a conspiracy to kill his son because he knew too much. The movie was inspired by the case of Charles Horman, and just how much of the movie is true and how much invented has become a matter of some controversy.

Richard Pryor Live on Sunset Strip

I know what you guys are thinking," Pryor tells the audience in the middle of a routine about his trip to Africa. "We don't wanna hear about that, mother; tell us, how'd you burn up?" Pryor is only too happy to indulge our voyeuristic inclinations: "Thousands of people freebase. I blow up." He even explains how: He had mixed homogenized and low-fat milk together, and when he dipped a cookie in the combo, it exploded. "One thing I learned: You run down the street on fire, people get out of your way. Except this one guy who asked me for a light." People who saw Pryor's first concert movie three years ago can still recite from memory his brilliant comedy routines about heart attacks, monkeys, sexual hyperbole, and inter-racial hypocrisies. His style, his vocabulary, his body language come from the ghetto. He's wild and dirty and very funny.





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FRANK CLARKE
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Gambling on the million-dollar mussel

Growing P.E.I.'s newest cash crop means high expenses, uncertain prices and—with luck—a boost to the Island's economy

Back in the late Sixties and early Seventies, tobacco farmer Joe Van den Bremt used to walk the shores of Prince Edward Island, looking for mussels. Unlike many North Americans, the Belgian-born farmer knew the small, blue-black shellfish as a tasty and nutritious food, and he and his family ate mussels from the shore from the time they arrived on the Island in 1968. The wild Island mussels were plentiful, but they weren't completely satisfactory: They didn't yield much meat, and they contained too many small, gritty pearls.

Van den Bremt solved that problem in 1978, after he'd sold his tobacco farm. With technical help from the provincial Fisheries Department, which was experimenting with mussel-growing techniques, Van den Bremt seeded his first crop of cultured mussels. In the process, he became what one mussel grower calls "the granddaddy" of the Island's cultured mussel industry—an industry that's been growing at a phenomenal rate in the past two years.

In 1981, four or five growers were harvesting cultured mussels on the Island; this year there will be about 30. About 60 more are waiting for federal approval of water-lease applications. According to the federal Fisheries and Oceans Department, about 100,000 pounds of wild and cultured mussels were shipped from P.E.I. last year. The 1982 cultured mussel harvest will probably amount to one to three million pounds. (One grower alone, Russell Dockendorff of St. Peters, hopes to have a million pounds in the water this year.) At last year's prices of 60 to 62 cents a pound (de-clumped, graded, packaged and delivered to the airport), this crop represents a potential million-dollar boost to the Island economy. Down the road a bit, frozen, smoked, and canned cultured mussels could mean more jobs and more money for Islanders.

The cultured mussel is the same species as the wild, but it's raised in better circumstances. Although each grower has his own way of doing things—"We're all experimenting," says Ray MacKean, president of the P.E.I. Cultured Mussel Growers Association—the general procedure is the same. In July, growers collect the free-floating mussel seed, or "spat," by submerging lengths of hemp rope or other rough material to which the spat clings. They then suspend it in eight-foot, perforated polypropylene sleeves, hung from buoys, to keep the mussels off the bottom and away from impurities. With diligent tending, which includes thinning and sorting the growing crop and sinking the buoys beneath the winter ice, a grower should have market-ready mussels (two-2½ inches long) in the fall of the second year. Mussels raised in this "suspended culture" have a milder flavor than those on the shore. They also grow faster and develop thinner shells, and thus higher meat yields by

weight (30%-45%), than their plebian brothers (10%-12%, occasionally reaching 18%). And unlike wild mussels, cultured ones almost never form pearls inside their bodies.

But there are real difficulties facing the growers. Asked what it takes to get into mussel culturing, P.E.I. Fisheries official Irwin Judson replies succinctly: "Guts." He's not joking. Because the P.E.I. industry is not yet established, financing is hard to come by—some growers have loans out at 25%—and crop insurance is impossible to get. Expenses, paid out a full year and a half before the return, if any, are fairly high. Many growers are fishermen who already have boats and trucks, but even excluding this equipment, MacKean puts the average investment at \$6,000 to \$10,000. That would give a grower "a pretty damned good start."

There are marketing problems, too. "I think there's a good future," says Bill Murphy, area director of Fisheries and Oceans in Charlottetown. "But it has to be done in an organized way. The marketing has to be tied into the growing, harvesting and processing." In the past, market development for the P.E.I. cultured mussel was hindered by the small crops and the lack of commercial-scale winter-harvesting techniques. Toronto mussel dealer Michael Vaughan explains: "I need to have—and this is life or death for my business—continuity of quality and supply. The key factor is reliability of supply. If

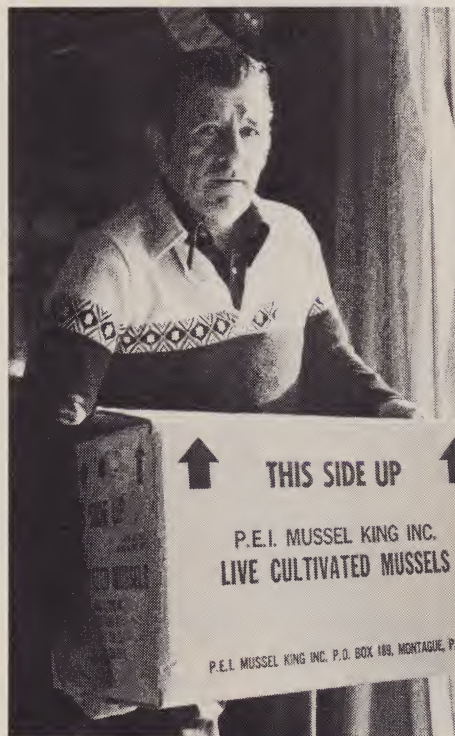
you're a supplier, you must have a supply 52 weeks of the year." He had an earlier business fold when his source of P.E.I. cultured mussels dried up. This winter he was selling American mussels.

Nonetheless, the Toronto dealer would "very much like" more from P.E.I. The expected 1982 harvest, if it moves onto the market evenly, might ensure the supply the dealers need—perhaps even that 52-week supply. In previous years, harvesting virtually stopped as the ice appeared, and since fresh mussels have a shelf life of only about a week, the P.E.I. mussel was soon unavailable. Now, however, both Dockendorff and Van den Bremt, the largest growers, say they intend to harvest in the winter of 1982-83. To allow for bad weather, Van den Bremt is constructing a building with holding tanks capable of keeping 40,000 pounds of mussels market-ready.

But mussel growing, like the Island's main industry, potato farming, remains a risky occupation. Nobody knows for sure what effect competition from the Eastern Seaboard of the United States, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will have on the price. The expected large harvest could result in a glut on the market, affecting both price and the

continuity of supply. "If the situation arises that a lot of guys have to dump their harvest at any price," Van den Bremt says, "this would hurt the industry."

Despite the uncertainties, however, growers have a great faith in the future of the new industry. "We've got a big jump [on other growing areas] because of our environment and water structure," Van den Bremt says. "We'll defy anyone to produce a better-quality mussel than ours. And that goes for the United States and Europe." A big boast from a small place? Well, not necessarily. Van den Bremt doesn't mention it in the interview, but eight years ago, when he was still farming tobacco, he walked away from the Royal Winter Fair in Toronto with the world tobacco championship. Anyone could have told Joe Van den Bremt that P.E.I. couldn't possibly grow the world's best tobacco. Now who's going to set him straight about P.E.I. mussels? — William Howard



Mussel grower Van den Bremt

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BUSINESS

Buctouche gets "a kiss from heaven"

Mitel Corporation's arrival in Buctouche this fall will mean badly needed jobs for eastern New Brunswick. Could it also mean the birth of the high technology big time in the Atlantic region?

When Mitel Corp., an Ontario-based telecommunications firm, opens its new manufacturing plant in Buctouche, N.B., this fall, it will offer the first full-time jobs many people in New Brunswick's Kent County have seen in a long time. So it's not surprising that residents of the Buctouche area are welcoming with open arms one of the first major high technology companies to move into the Atlantic region. "It's like a kiss from heaven," says Camille Theriault, manager of the Kent County Industrial Commission.

Theriault's jubilation doesn't spring only from the expectation of all those new jobs—50 when the plant starts up in September and 1,000 by 1985. He believes that spinoffs from Mitel's arrival will pep up the economy in communities from Richibucto to Moncton. "People will dress better, eat better, buy better and more cars, go out more," he predicts. "It's limitless!"

Mitel's announcement last summer that it plans to build a \$48-million plant in Buctouche raised local expectations about the future to all-time high levels. Electronics firms flocked to Mitel's home town, Kanata, Ont., and made it one of the most prosperous small towns in

Canada. Couldn't Mitel work the same magic for the Maritimes?

Maybe. "A lot of eyes and ears are open," says Marcel Charlebois, director of operations for Mitel's Buctouche division. "Everyone's watching our performance. If we prove ourselves in this area, others may come." He also suggests that, because of "tremendous worldwide demand" for Mitel products (the firm ships more than half its products outside Canada), the planned Buctouche plant may be expanded.

Andy Williamson of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council says the Mitel project isn't necessarily the turnkey to the region's development. A complete research and development facility, he says, would have been more valuable to the economy. "It's a step in the right direction," he says, "but in one sense it's just another manufacturing facility."

Mitel, a child prodigy of the telecommunications industry, has become one of the fastest-growing companies in North America since it was started 10 years ago. In 1975, it had 30 employees; in a recent count, it employed 4,200 people in plants from Wales to Florida. Last year, it doubled its sales for the eighth straight year.

WAYNE CHASE



Charlebois: "If we prove ourselves...others may come"

One factor in Mitel's success may be its habit of moving into economically depressed areas where it's welcomed with government grants. The Department of Regional Economic Expansion (DREE) contributed \$15.7 million toward construction costs of the Buctouche plant. "To be candid," Grant says, "we had never thought of New Brunswick until we were approached by DREE." Another enticement offered by Ottawa was a tax break of close to 50% on profits.

The Buctouche plant will turn out telephone sets and keyboards and printed circuit boards—copper-clad sheets loaded with electronic components about the size and shape of Lego pieces. The finished products, to be shipped to all Mitel divisions, fit inside the computers that are the brains behind Mitel's sophisticated office communications equipment.

The company benefits Mitel offers employees are as foreign to most New Brunswick workers as are the double-sided and multilayered printed circuit boards it produces. Profit sharing plans, reduced stock options, low interest mortgage loans, day care centres, non-profit cafeterias, social clubs. Naturally, there's no shortage of job applicants. By February, 4,700 people had applied for work at the Buctouche plant.

Amid all the excitement over Mitel (the day the announcement was made, hotel owner Guy Poirier says, there were "parties all over Buctouche, all night long"), one town official remains wary. "Mitel could bankrupt a village like us," says Mayor Laurie Boucher. "People look at me like I have two heads when I say things like that, but I have to sit on the other side of the table." Part of Boucher's concern is that his council now has to revise its five-year development plan. For example, he says, the existing road to the 60-acre Mitel site wouldn't last a month under the heavy traffic that eventually will be travelling to the plant. He estimates that services for the facility, including sewerage, water and access roads, will total \$3 million to \$4 million. The provincial government has promised to pay for this, but Boucher worries that the town may be stuck with a share of the expenses.

But even Boucher predicts that Mitel will prove to be the best thing that ever happened to Buctouche. "It's like moving from the minor leagues to the majors," he says, "the ball comes in faster and it breaks sharper."

Whatever the future of high technology in the region, the arrival of a new industry seems to have boosted local confidence, if not the economy. Conrad Landry, a Buctouche businessman and president of the Kent County Industrial Commission, says Mitel's role is much more than one of creating jobs. What is needed in the area, he says, is to "get people to start believing. If Mitel can do just that, it will have served its purpose."

— Elaine Bateman



Jerry Carreau, Industrial Development Officer
CN Rail, Moncton

Tom Rath, Industrial Promotion Officer
City of Dartmouth, Dartmouth

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Sydney: Mayflower Mall • New Glasgow: Highland Square • Dartmouth: MicMac Mall
Truro: Truro Mall • Halifax: Historic Properties; Halifax Shopping Centre; Quinnpool Centre



Dave Christensen, Manager, Intermodal Sales
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CALENDAR

NEW BRUNSWICK

April—Theatre New Brunswick presents "Wuthering Heights," April 17-24, Fredericton; April 26, Moncton; April 27, Sussex; April 28-30, Saint John

April—Local music festivals—April 1, 2, Sackville, Harvey Station; April 19-21, Caraquet; April 23-May 1, Fredericton; April 26-30, Campbellton, Newcastle; April 26-May 1, Shippegan

April 3—Fredericton Express vs. Nova Scotia Voyageurs, Aitken Centre, Fredericton

April 5-April 30—Mixed-media exhibit of portraits by Peggy Smith, City Hall Exhibit Gallery, Saint John

April 20-25—YWCA Quilt Fair, Moncton Museum

April 29—Antique Show & sale, Regent Mall, Fredericton

April 30-May 1—Canadian Modern Gymnastics Championships, Université de Moncton

April 30-May 1—The Elmtree Square Dance Festival, Devon School, Fredericton

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

April 1-30—Below the Cape: Realist paintings by Annapolis Valley artist George Walford, Eptek Centre, Summerside

April 3—The Royal Winnipeg Ballet, Confederation Centre, Charlottetown

April 7—A Breath of Scotland: Scottish dance, music and comedy, Confederation Centre

April 7-May 7—The Vaughan Inuit Print Collection, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

April 12—Island Women's Arts Festival: Entertainment by Island women musicians, Confederation Centre

April 18—Musicians' Gallery Sunday concert series presents pianist Frances McBirnie, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 22-May 16—Drawings, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

April 29—Neptune Theatre presents "Private Lives," by Noel Coward, Confederation Centre

NEWFOUNDLAND

April—My Friend Ludwig: An evening of musical tidbits by the renowned Canadian pianist Elyakim Taussig, Arts and Culture Centres, April 1, St. John's; April 3, Gander; April 4, Grand Falls; April 5, Corner Brook; April 6, Stephenville

April to Sept.—Women of Newfoundland: Documents and artifacts from

the past and present, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

April—Fred Penner: Children's entertainer, Arts and Culture Centres, April 19, Stephenville; April 20, Corner Brook; April 21, Gander; April 22, Grand Falls
April—Amphibians of Ontario, Murray Premises, St. John's

April 1-4—Phantasy for Phyliss: An original dance collage, LSPU Hall, St. John's

April 1-30—Dutch 17th century prints, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

April 1-May 3—An exhibit of photographs by Justin Hall, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

April 3,4—Nancy Green Invitational Ski Tournament, Smokey Mountain, Labrador City

April 5-25—Playwright's Workshop '82, LSPU Hall, St. John's

April 11—Granny Green Ski Finals, Smokey Mountain, Labrador City

April 22-24—Rising Tide Theatre and Rare Vintage present "For King and Country," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

April 22-25—National Juvenile Championship, Memorial Stadium, St. John's

April 23-June 24—A Stitch in Time: An exhibit of costumes, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

April 29—A workshop for children: Weaving, carding, spinning, dyeing, Newfoundland Museum, St. John's

April 29—Newfoundland Symphony Orchestra presents "An Evening with R. Murray Shafer," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

NOVA SCOTIA

April—Mulgrave Road Co-op Theatre presents "Another Story," a Nova Scotia soap opera, April 2, Guysborough; April 3-9, Guysborough County and Cape Breton (check local newspapers); April 10, Antigonish; April 12-16, Northern Nova Scotia (check newspapers) April 18, Lunenburg; April 20, Wolfville; April 21, 22, Annapolis Royal; April 23, Chester; April 24, Middleton

April 1—Saltwater Brig: Songs from Belfast, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 1,2—The Winds of Change of Liverpool presents "How the other Half Loves," Liverpool

April 1-3—Seaweed Theatre presents "Alternate Ending," Dartmouth High School

April 1-18—Sybil Andrews: Printmaker, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

April 1-May 15—Profile '81: A juried exhibit of Nova Scotia crafts, Acadia University Art Gallery, Wolfville

April 1-June 1—Gameboards: 19th and 20th century wood gameboards from



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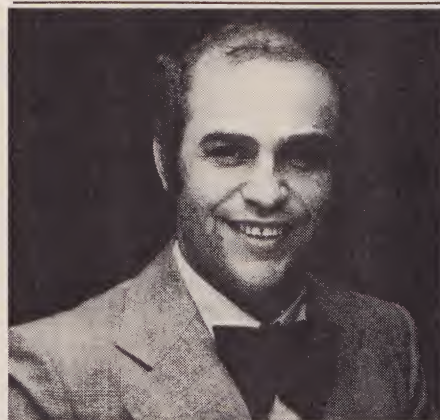
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CALENDAR

Ontario, Quebec and Nova Scotia, Art Gallery of Nova Scotia, Halifax

April 2-25—Neptune Theatre presents "Private Lives" by Noel Coward, Halifax

April 4—Nova Scotia Voyageurs vs Fredericton Express, Metro Centre, Halifax

April 5-May 5—Roy Mandell: 17th and 18th century-style still-life paintings by a Yarmouth County artist, College of Cape Breton Art Gallery, Sydney

April 5-May 15—Student Choices: Works from the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia's Permanent Collection, Yarmouth County Museum



April 12-May 10—Roger Savage: Prints 1971-1981, Lunenburg Art Gallery

April 19-23—Mermaid Theatre presents "The Cow Show," a look at Nova Scotia's favorite farm animal, College of Cape Breton, Sydney

April 21-24—Nova Scotia Drama League Festival '82, Dalhousie Arts Centre

April 25—Atlantic Symphony Orchestra featuring Victor Yampolsky as violinist and conductor, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

April 29-May 1—Nova Dance Theatre: Modern dance, Dalhousie Arts Centre

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HARRY BRUCE'S COLUMN

Cheer up, Ralph Klein. You are not alone

Journalists could tell you a few things about making Canadians hate you by bad-mouthing where they live

Poor Ralph Klein. He's mayor of Calgary, and he stepped on the biggest booby trap in Canadian public life: Regional prickliness. He should have known better. Nothing makes your average Canadian explode quicker than hearing his own dear corner of the country insulted by another Canadian. *You can bad-mouth my wife, buddy, but when it comes to Cape Breton, you better button your lip.* For Cape Breton, you may read Labrador, the Miramichi, Gaspé, the Ottawa Valley, Moosonee, the Alberta Badlands, the Strait of Juan de Fuca, or any mound, island, pocket, plain, province or territory in the country. Or, indeed, any direction. Klein's offence was not a puny River, County or City Insult. No, it was a classic Direction Insult, the worst and most sweeping kind. Gosh, he explained later, while breaking records for bicycling backwards, he'd never meant to start "an east-west conflict."

What Klein did, or what many chose to *think* he did, was utter the worst west-to-east insult since Alberta nerds first sported bumper stickers urging, "Let the eastern bastards freeze in the dark." He told the Calgary Newcomers Club that some newcomers weren't welcome because they were "creeps and bums." Since most Canadian newcomers to Calgary come from east of Alberta, easterners jumped furiously to the conclusion he'd smeared them all. He reaped a wild wind. Abusive phone calls lit up his



switchboard. Violent crank mail flooded his desk, and he turned it all over to the University of Calgary to enable scholars to ponder handwritten evidence of Canada's inter-regional hatred.

The viciousness of the reaction to Klein's speech upset him. What did it all mean? From what dark level of the Canadian soul sprang this insane fury? I could not have told him that, but I could have warned him. During a quarter-century of journalism—in which I've knocked such sacred institutions as royal visits, the Olympics and even schooner *Bluenose*—I've learned that nothing brings more nasty mail out of the Canadian woodwork than criticism, even gentle criticism, of the places where Canadians live. I'm certainly not going to try this experiment, but I think that if I wrote a column suggesting New Brunswick was the 10th-best province in which to spend your life I'd get more outraged mail than if I wrote one suggesting Terry Fox was a secret hitch-hiker.

Klein, as a westerner, got his nasty mail from the east. I've had it from all over but, as an easterner, I want to assure him Prairie people are no slouches at firing off fiendish missives. Often, they're brutally direct. They wish physical misfortune on you. After all, Alberta is the province in which a member of the

Up coming in **Atlantic Insight**

Australia: The land down under is a paradise for the adventure-seeker

The gymnastics craze: Atlantic kids shape up

Small towns: Louisbourg, N.S., is more than Fortress Louisbourg

provincial legislature, separatist Gord Kesler, said, "If we're all lucky, he [Pierre Trudeau] will have a heart attack within the next five minutes."

A Saskatchewan housewife once told me in writing she prayed that a monstrous lobster would grab me by the you-know-whats. Fortunately, God wasn't listening, and I have three lovely children. An Alberta farmer with the same anatomical preoccupation warned me that if I ever got out to his country, folks would use a sickle "to do to you what we do to a stallion when we want a gelding." A pretty turn of phrase, that. With a shudder, I tossed such crap in my wastebasket, but Klein's idea is better. From now on, I'll donate it to the University of Calgary. That's as good a place as any for the establishment of HI (Hate-mail Institute), as in, "Hi there, fellow Canadian. Just thought I'd drop you a line to tell you I hate your stinking guts."

Klein feels the rage blinded people to his real message. I know the feeling. I remember a Toronto magazine writer who, in the course of an hatchet job on a Saskatchewan premier (his real message), had the gall to suggest Saskatchewan winters were cold. The letter writers who detested "this slick eastern journalist" for insulting their weather—who in hell did he think he was, anyway?—outnumbered those who detested him for insulting their premier. Klein's message was drowned in much the same way, in oceans of paranoia.

"Sure I said creeps and bums," he told *The Globe and Mail*. "That applied to people anywhere who rob banks and snatch purses and mug senior citizens. It just so happens that most of the robberies here last year were committed by recent arrivals. People either didn't get the intent of what I said, or what I said was misrepresented. I never said easterners were creeps and bums." That sounds reasonable enough to me. It's not an apology and, though even a mugger can have his feelings hurt, I don't think he should say he's sorry to anyone.

But he is trying to clarify things. In February, he planned a trip to Ontario and Quebec. He'd appear on hot-line shows, make speeches, hold press conferences. He would mend fences and, over and over again, he'd feel compelled to say, "I never said easterners were creeps and bums." I choose not to see it as an insult that, throughout this hugely Canadian silliness, neither Klein nor his attackers recognized the distinction between central Canada and the *real* east, here on the Atlantic coast. I also choose not to regard it as an insult that, according to early press reports, he would not bother to mend fences down here. But if he ever does show up in Maritime or Newfoundland towns, we should say, "Forget it, Ralph. You know, buddy, you've got a point. *Some* easterners are creeps and bums, and maybe a few of them are even out there in Calgary. Have an ale on me." ☒



Nova Scotia's village for homeless kids

This Annapolis Valley project, part of an international movement, is the first of its kind in North America: A permanent refuge for children who'd otherwise be in foster homes

Children are so important to society," says Jack Beaudin. "If we neglect them, we can't blame them for what happens." Beaudin, 62, who runs a convenience store and coffee shop in Greenwood, N.S., isn't simply spouting platitudes. Since 1978, he and fiancée, Inge Schultz, have promoted a project that will provide a permanent home for children who'd otherwise be in foster homes. Located in Margaretsville, a small community in the Annapolis Valley, the home will be part of an international movement called SOS Children's Villages. But when the Nova Scotia village opens this summer, it will be first of its kind in North America.

The SOS movement began in Europe after the Second World War. An Aus-

trian medical student named Hermann Gmeiner felt strongly that children left homeless by the war needed something other than the conventional orphanage. Instead, he pictured something closer to an ordinary family, with a house, a mother, brothers and sisters. In 1949, Gmeiner set up a home for nine children in the Austrian village of Imst.

Today, there are more than 200 SOS villages in 60 countries around the world. They're supported by donations from individuals, corporations and service clubs. An SOS village provides permanent homes in family-like settings. Each "family" consists of five to eight children of varying ages, and a live-in "mother." A group of families makes up a village, which is headed by a director.

Beaudin, who'll become director of

the Nova Scotia village, says four of the village's five houses should be ready by the end of June, and he hopes to start moving families in over the summer. The plan is to have provincial social service agencies refer children from throughout the Maritimes.

Beaudin says children in the village will go to local schools and take part in town activities. "This won't be a ghetto," he says. "It's really just like a subdivision. If the town's hockey team is any good, we'll send the kids to play there."

The SOS village isn't an orphanage or a foster home, and its supporters think this is its major asset. Joseph Messner of Ottawa, director of the Canadian branch of SOS International, explains that an orphanage is an institution

put them with a mother."

Schultz, who heads a committee to oversee preparations for the village, is in charge of finding "mothers" for the homes. So far, she's had three applications.

The village idea has its critics. Some believe that having only one "father" for the village overemphasizes the role of the mother. No one is sure what effect this has. "It would depend on the age group of the children," explains Reginald Craig, professor of family counselling at the Maritime School of Social Work in Halifax. "If they're between six and 12, it would probably be fine. Older children need more men around."

Messner argues that placing a married couple in each house would result in competition between their children and the village children. "This isn't some new idea where we're experimenting with the children," he says. "The villages have been around for 30 years. We've seen results already. The children don't come out of the village with all kinds of unresolved Oedipal complexes from not having a father figure around. They can find male role models in the surrounding community."

Beaudin says he isn't sure how much the final cost of the project will be, but the land alone cost \$10,000. SOS branches throughout the world will finance the construction of an administration house and five split-entrance, four-bedroom family houses. However, Beaudin expects social service agencies to pay their regular maintenance allowances for children they refer to the village. "In SOS villages in the Third World," he observes, "the entire cost of maintaining a child must be paid for through donations."

Beaudin, a native of Quebec's Gaspé region, became involved with the SOS movement through another community group. He was stationed in Greenwood as a member of the armed forces and decided to stay in the area when he left the forces. In his spare time, he worked with the Annapolis Valley Friendly Neighbors Association, which assists needy families. There, he first heard about SOS and decided the scheme would suit the Maritimes.

In many ways, he says, the project has been an uphill job. Each step—working out details of the project with the international organization, government departments and people in the Greenwood area—took "so long." But Beaudin has no regrets about his involvement. "We have to give these kids a chance," he says. "It's nice to take, but sometimes you have to give something back, too."

— Elizabeth Hanton



DAVID NICHOLS

Schultz and Beaudin: "We have to give these kids a chance"

with shifts of workers who come and go. And, while foster parents have helped many homeless children, they are far from an ideal solution. "It's just not that easy to find foster parents," Messner says. "Families are breaking down, both parents are working. They simply don't have time to care for another child. Besides, a foster home isn't permanent. The SOS village is a permanent home. There's no cutoff time when a child has to leave."

The village can solve one pressing problem: What happens to a family when both parents die or are no longer able to care for their children? At the village, brothers and sisters can remain together. "If a mother and father die, it's one tragedy," says Beaudin. "If the children are separated, it's another. This way, we can keep the children together and

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2 7 oz (198 g) cans
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¼ cup (62.5 mL) butter
¼ lb. (113.4 g) sliced mushrooms
¼ cup (62.5 mL) diced onions
¼ cup (62.5 mL) flour
1 cup (250 mL) light cream
¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) salt and pepper ea.
¼ tsp. (1.2 mL) nutmeg
½ cup (125 mL) white wine
½ cup (125 mL) gruyere cheese, shredded
1 11 oz. (311.8 g) package frozen mixed vegetables
2 lbs. (908 g) potatoes, cooked and mashed
1 egg yolk
2 tbs. (30 mL) melted butter
Grated parmesan

Saute mushrooms and onion in butter. Stir in flour. Gradually stir in cream, salt, pepper, nutmeg. Reduce heat and stir till thickened. Stir in cheese, until melted. Add wine, Tuna and mixed vegetables. Bring to a boil, stirring, reduce heat and cook 3-4 minutes. Pour into coquille shells. Add egg yolk to hot mashed potatoes, and pipe around the edge of coquille shell. Brown under broiler, 5-6 inches from heat, until golden brown.



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Recipes for eggomaniacs

By Pat Lotz

An egg is more than just a useful food that comes in its own little container. Not only does it thicken sauces, give rise to souffles, cakes and other yummys, it also provides the ingredients for more bad puns than any other word in the English language. (Photographer Dave Nichols and I heard them all from *Insight* staff.) So here are some eggsamples of recipes to brighten your menus.

Pipérade

This is a Basque specialty that makes a colorful and tasty dish for brunch.

4 tbsp. olive oil
2 medium green peppers
2 medium red sweet peppers
2 or 3 garlic cloves, finely chopped
4 medium tomatoes, peeled, seeded and coarsely chopped (or 1 cup drained canned Italian plum tomatoes)
1 tsp. dried basil
¼ tsp. Tabasco sauce
salt and pepper to taste
1/3 cup butter
12 eggs, slightly beaten with 2 tsp. water and ¾ tsp. salt

Remove seeds from green and red peppers and cut them into thin strips. In a heavy pan, heat the oil and sauté peppers, onions, garlic and tomatoes. Add basil, Tabasco, salt and pepper, cook over medium heat, stirring gently, until vegetables are tender but still firm. In another heavy pan, melt butter, add eggs and scramble until soft but not overcooked, and just as they reach this point, add the vegetable mixture. Stir lightly, remove to a hot platter and serve at once. Serves 6.

Curried Eggs

Served with rice, this makes a nice, light luncheon dish. You can also serve it as one of a selection of different curries.

4 hard-boiled eggs
1 slice stale bread
½ cup hot milk
½ cup diced mozzarella cheese
1 tbsp. flour
1 tbsp. butter
2 tsp. paprika
1 tbsp. curry (or more if you like)
½ tsp. salt

Slice each egg into 3 and arrange in small buttered casserole. Make bread crumbs from slice of bread in processor and set aside. In blender or food processor, process remaining ingredients for about 10 seconds. Pour over eggs, sprinkle with bread crumbs and dot with extra butter. Bake 15 minutes in preheated 400° F. oven. Serves 2.

Eggs in Tomatoes

Choose well-balanced tomatoes for this recipe. If necessary, take a sliver off the bottom so they stand upright.

4 medium tomatoes
4 large eggs
salt and pepper to taste
2 tbsp. grated cheese

Slice top off tomatoes. Carefully scoop out the pulp and sprinkle the insides with salt and pepper. Stand tomatoes in a buttered ovenproof dish and break an egg into each one. Bake in a preheated 350° F. oven for 25 minutes. Sprinkle ½ tbsp. cheese on each tomato and heat under broiler for a few seconds.

Scotch Eggs

Also known as Scots eggs, they can be eaten warm for breakfast, or cold with a salad. They make a great picnic food.

4 hard-boiled eggs
¾ lb. (400 g) sausage meat
1 tbsp. flour
Dijon mustard
¾ cup fine bread crumbs
1 large egg, beaten
Fat for deep frying

Season sausage meat with salt and pepper. Press or roll it out into four rounds, then spread lightly with Dijon mustard. Peel the eggs and dip them in flour. Press sausage meat around the eggs, taking care to seal the egg completely. Dip them into the beaten egg, roll in bread crumbs and deep-fry until golden brown.

Oeufs sur le Plat

Known in English as shirred eggs, this baked dish comes in a variety of styles, depending on the garnish (tomato purée, spinach, sausage, peppers). The following variation, with chicken livers, is called à la Turque.

8 chicken livers, cut in half
¼ cup butter
salt and pepper to taste
8 eggs

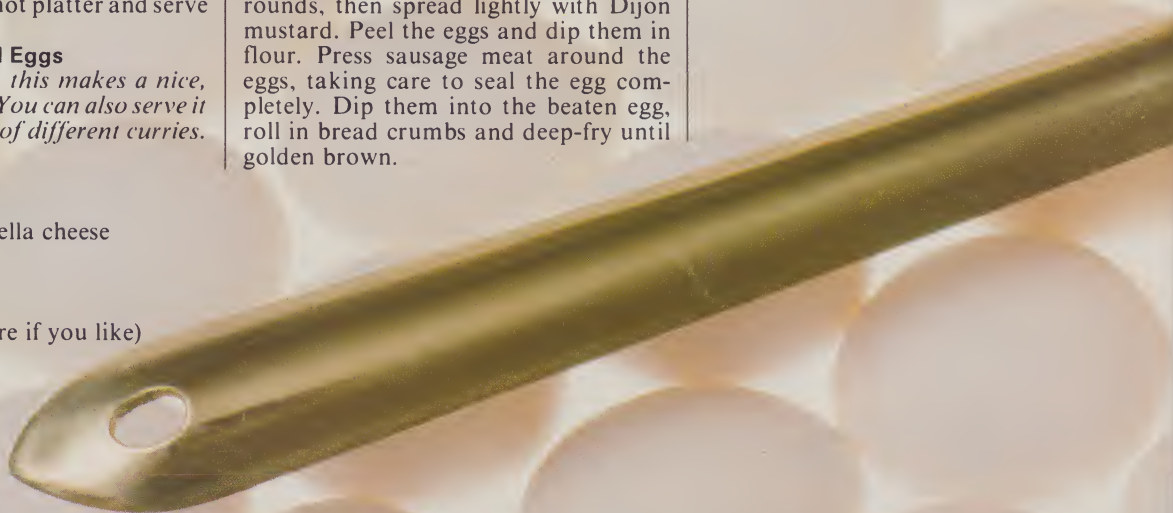
In a heavy, shallow casserole, heat butter until it sizzles and sauté the chicken livers for about 5 minutes, until all trace of redness has gone. Break eggs carefully into dish and bake in a preheated 400° F. oven for 15 minutes or until whites are set. Serve hot from dish. Serves 4.

Eggs in Aspic

These make glamorous hors d'oeuvres to start off a dinner. They're great for warm-weather lunches, too.

2 cups chicken broth
1½ tsp. dried tarragon
2 envelopes unflavored gelatin
4 eggs, poached and chilled
4 small strips pimento
4 lettuce leaves

Simmer broth and tarragon for 10 minutes and let stand until cool (this will draw out the flavor of the tarragon). Strain and add more broth if needed to make up 2 cups. Sprinkle the gelatin over the broth and stir over low heat until gelatin is dissolved. Pour into 4 half-cup molds. Chill until firm. Chill rest of aspic until it has the consistency of syrup. Dip pimento strips in aspic and place one on set layer in each mold. Chill for a few minutes, top with egg and cover with remaining aspic. Chill until set (1 to 2 hours). Unmold on lettuce leaf.







PHOTOS BY DAVID NICHOLS

LeRoy Zwicker's "Toledo," 1956

The Zwickers: Halifax art's royal couple

Marguerite and LeRoy Zwicker devoted half a lifetime to promoting other artists' work. This month, a special show pays tribute to the Zwickers' own considerable talents

By Roma Senn

In Marguerite and LeRoy Zwicker's home in the south end of Halifax, there's a magnificent collection of art from around the world—but no paintings by the Zwickers themselves on the walls. "We're too critical," Marguerite says. Her comment is typically modest.

The Zwickers happen to be fine artists, who've painted for more than 50 years and have exhibited widely in Canada, the United States and Europe. And in the 26 years they ran their Halifax art gallery—for years the only commercial gallery in town—the Zwickers, now in their 70s, won a reputation for outstanding generosity to the art world in the Maritimes. Over the years, they've donated 60 works, including a Rembrandt and a Picasso, to the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia. In the Forties, Fifties and Sixties,

they promoted many struggling Nova Scotia artists, who tell gallery curator Bernard Riordon today: "I still remember what LeRoy Zwicker did to further my career."

The Zwickers rarely mention such things. In fact, Marguerite Zwicker is

surprised that *Atlantic Insight* wants to publish an article on them. "We're not very interesting," she insists. Others disagree. Robert Manuge of Halifax's Manuge Galleries, which is showing a 30-piece retrospective of the Zwickers' work this month (April 22 to May 6), says he gets "effervescent" just talking about the couple. Bernard Riordon calls Marguerite one of the finest watercolorists in Nova Scotia. And the fact that the provincial gallery chose LeRoy's work for its inaugural show when it moved in 1975 speaks eloquently of his talents as an oil painter.

For the Manuge Galleries show, Marguerite, a lively and outgoing woman who's still a prolific painter, has created several new works. LeRoy has Parkinson's disease and no longer paints, but he'll exhibit several paintings he's never shown before—striking, diverse works ranging from realist to semi-abstract.

It's surprising that the Zwickers managed to paint at all before they retired from the gallery business in 1968.



The "royal couple" collect magnificent art from around the world



LeRoy's "Patricia": Striking, diverse works

While they owned Zwicker's Gallery, most of their own work was squeezed in on weekends and holidays.

The gallery, the first commercial gallery in Canada, began as an art supply, framing and print shop that LeRoy's father opened in 1886 in Halifax's north end. While LeRoy was a student at the Nova Scotia College of Art, he started a small gallery at the back of the store. After graduation, he left for a job in the etching department of a New York gallery. It closed during the Depression, and LeRoy returned home. He took a job with Moirs, the chocolate company, and enrolled in evening classes at the art college. There he met Marguerite, who was teaching at the college for an annual salary of \$600.

Marguerite grew up in Yarmouth, N.S., took art lessons as a child and managed to persuade her parents to let her attend art college in Halifax. They agreed she could stay until Christmas and perhaps continue after that "if you could learn something." The next year, she won a scholarship.

LeRoy and Marguerite were married in 1938. Four years later, when LeRoy's father died, they inherited the art gallery. LeRoy didn't want to risk leaving his job as retail manager at Moirs, so Marguerite took over the gallery. "I was doing housework then," she remembers. "I was never crazy about housework."

The business grew more from the sales of prints, art supplies and frames than from original art. The Zwickers mounted some exhibitions by local artists such as Leonard Lane and Joseph Purcell, but most customers seemed to prefer reproductions. In 1962, LeRoy hung a Picasso painting. "It didn't cause any furore," he recalled. "In fact, not many people realized it was a Picasso." A story about the Picasso in the *Halifax Mail-Star* observed: "The boom in art which appears to be sweeping the rest of the world hasn't reached Halifax."

Still, Marguerite says, the public loved Halifax's only commercial gallery. "They thought it was great fun and entered into the spirit of it." Artists appreciated it even more. Halifax artist Commander Anthony Law, who describes the Zwickers as the "leading couple in the art world" in the Forties, Fifties and Sixties, says: "If it weren't for the Zwickers, I don't know what would have happened." He began exhibiting at the gallery in 1952 and staged an annual one-man show there for 16 years.

In 1960, LeRoy brought in a collection of paintings by members of the Group of Seven. Marguerite recalls that a "little man" quickly snapped up the bulk of the collection, handed her his business card and told her to forward the paintings to his summer home in Quebec's Gatineau Hills. The customer, who turned out to be the president of the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce, paid \$125 for each painting; today, Robert Manuge estimates, they'd cost 50 to 100 times that.

The Zwickers' own collection of art includes Japanese prints, sculpture from India and Egypt, chests from Hong Kong, decorated with jade and ivory—acquisitions from an around-the-world trip in 1960. The gem of the collection is a 400-year-old, six-panel silk screen of Kyoto, Japan. In 1965, when the Zwickers were house-hunting, they spotted a For Sale sign on Young Avenue. Inside the house, LeRoy paced out the length of the living room and declared, "We'll take the house." His Kyoto screen, he figured, would fit nicely.

LeRoy's travels and studies—at art schools in Canada and the United States—

greatly influenced his style. "I like all kinds of styles," he says, "from magic realism to abstract." His later works became more abstract. He compares the form and color of a good abstract painting to the "pure feeling" of music. "That's what art is all about," he says. "Feelings in a concrete form."

Spain became a favorite spot for expressing his feelings on canvas. In paintings like his 1956 cityscape, "Toledo," Marguerite's favorite, he captures the atmosphere of the country, entices you to visit it. Because of the gallery, the Zwickers took turns going abroad, and in the early Sixties, Marguerite escorted four painting and sight-seeing tours through Europe. Today, she still holds painting classes.

For a couple who've worked so closely together over the years, the Zwickers' work is surprisingly different. "Personality comes to the forefront in painting," Marguerite says, "perhaps more than in any other art. We're two different personalities." The fact that she works almost exclusively in watercolors—her paintings have a subtle, delicate quality—and he in oils keeps their work apart.

Over half a century, the Zwickers have created so many paintings—they can't even guess how many—they can't always remember the story behind each one. But the years haven't diminished their enthusiasm. As the interview draws to a close in their living room, lined with shelves of art books, LeRoy motions his wife to a window overlooking the garden. The Zwickers stand by the window, watching the dipping sun, the red sky and the leafless tree in the foreground. They see a painting.



Marguerite's "Entering Shelburne": "One of the finest watercolorists in Nova Scotia"



Will the gas pipeline destroy valuable Indian artifacts?

The race to preserve the region's ancient past

Thousands of prehistoric Indian sites—some 11,000 years old—dot the Atlantic coast. Most are in danger of disappearing

Spring, 1983: A diesel engine rumbles into life, and the cutting teeth of a 20-ton trencher bite into soft New Brunswick soil. The machine, preparing a bed for the pipeline that will bring Alberta natural gas to homes in the Maritimes, spits up a sliver of bright orange—a beaver tooth, nearly as sharp as when it served as a chisel for an Indian craftsman 2,500 years ago. Then, up come shards of pottery, a scattering of copper beads, some bone. None gets a second glance from the pipeline crew.

This is Chris Turnbull's nightmare. A man of bear-like build and disarmingly soft voice, he is New Brunswick's chief provincial archeologist. He fears that the brute force of pipeline machinery will destroy forever fragile evidence of the region's prehistory.

The written history of Atlantic Canada goes back a scant four centuries, less than a sixth of the time man has lived here. Turnbull, like other archeologists in the Atlantic provinces, depends on artifacts preserved in the earth to push the record closer toward the dawn of time.

But clues to the past are subtle and easily damaged. The \$2-billion pipeline

being built by Trans Quebec & Maritimes Pipelines Inc. of Montreal will cut a 1,000-km gash 25 metres wide and up to three metres deep from Edmundston, N.B., to Sydney, N.S. There is little hope valuable artifacts could survive a trip through the maw of a trenching machine.

There will be no second chance, Turnbull warns. Once the pipeline has carved its way across the region, "we simply won't know" what the lost evidence might have told us about the past.

The interest is more than academic. Atlantic Canada's several thousand Micmac and Maliseet residents pin much of their land claim hopes on their ancestral title to the area. Archeological evidence is an important buttress to those claims.

Don Ward, former Red Bank Indian Reserve chief, says Micmac Indians near Newcastle, N.B., were trying to establish title for a court case in the Seventies, when archeologists began work on two nearby sites. "There's no doubt in anybody's mind now that the ancestry is there," Ward says today. "It's 3,000 years old."

Similar evidence may weigh heavily in a claim being made by Micmac residents of Conne River, Nfld., to several

thousand square miles of that province's interior.

Happily, Chris Turnbull's nightmare seems unlikely to come true, thanks to what he describes as the company's "very co-operative" corporate citizenship. TQ&M has given Turnbull what amounts to a blank cheque for a survey this summer of the pipeline's New Brunswick route for sites of archeological significance. Next year, another survey probably will be carried out in Nova Scotia. "If something of value is found," says Simon Vezema, director of environmental study for TQ&M, "we will change the route or get the material out, whichever is recommended."

But the pipeline is not the only threat to Atlantic Canada's prehistory. Even as archeologists eye the TQ&M route for artifacts, equally irreplaceable clues to the past will be lost to the restless Atlantic Ocean.

Thousands of prehistoric village- and campsites, some 11,000 years old, dot the Atlantic coast from St. Andrews, N.B., to the Strait of Belle Isle. Virtually all are in danger of disappearing. "Every single storm that hits our coast takes a little bit of our history with it," says Dr. Stephen Davis, an anthropologist at Saint Mary's University in Halifax.

Sites on the Bay of Fundy are in greatest danger. A shoestring survey by the Maritime Committee on Archeological Co-operation has found that 44 of 45 sites in Charlotte Co., N.B., are being eroded, some by as much as a metre a year. Elsewhere in the province, sites recorded 10 years ago have simply vanished.

The popularity of Prince Edward Island's beaches with tourists poses additional problems there, as the wear and tear of thousands of beach walkers' feet is telling on the shoreline historic sites. Dr. David Keenlyside, a staff archeologist with the National Museum of Man in Ottawa who has run "digs" near Basin Head, P.E.I., warns that over half the historical record has already been washed to sea. "It's a race against time," he says, to save what is left.

The threat of erosion has made shore-front sites the top priority of archeologists working in Atlantic Canada. But there are, at best, fewer than two dozen people in North America—most of them in Atlantic Canada—with the experience and training to recognize the subtle signs of prehistoric habitation. Almost all will be recruited to work on the TQ&M pipeline survey.

What that means is clear to Ottawa's Keenlyside: Some history may be saved from the trenchers, but some will inevitably be lost to the Atlantic breakers. "We will have to sacrifice some sites," he says. "There just isn't time."

Time, after 25,000 years, is no longer on the side of the past. — **Chris Wood**

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HERITAGE

P.E.I.'s Lebanese: A small minority with a big impact

In a generation or two, they've moved from peddling to politics and the professions. One Lebanese immigrant's son could be the Island's next premier

In the early days, they walked the red clay roads of Prince Edward Island with sacks on their backs, selling tea and sugar and clothing door to door, spending the night in farm homes in exchange for a pair of mittens or silk stockings. When they saved enough money, they'd buy a horse and wagon to make their rounds; eventually many invested in small general or grocery stores. Today, the pedlars' sons and grandsons are affluent businessmen, lawyers, politicians. The Lebanese community is still a tiny minority of about 350 in a province of MacDonalds, Flynns and Arsenaults. But with the election of lawyer Joe Ghiz, the son of a Lebanese immigrant, as leader of the the provincial Liberal party, Islanders are starting to pay attention to an ethnic group that has produced more than its share of com-

munity leaders on P.E.I.

The first Lebanese immigrants—mostly unskilled workers who had eked out a living on small farms in Lebanon—arrived on the Island at the turn of the century. (A second wave followed in the Fifties.) "We couldn't speak English, we didn't know how to farm here, and we didn't have any money when we arrived," recalls Joe Weatherby of Charlottetown, a retired storekeeper in his 80s. "But for \$20, you could get goods wholesale and go on the road to make a living." Weatherby, who immigrated first to Nova Scotia, later moved to the Island and set up a store in Charlottetown. While his wife looked after the store, he peddled drygoods from Murray Harbour to Kensington.

Ghiz's father emigrated from Lebanon to St. Kitts and later moved to the

Island with his wife, a woman of Lebanese ancestry he'd met on a visit to P.E.I. In Charlottetown, he bought a corner grocery store. "My father had to have a job, so he bought a store," Joe Ghiz says. "In the early days, they felt safer sleeping on their own property than putting their money in the bank or stocks." Everyone in the family worked in the store. "Other kids could never understand that I had to work in the store while they played, but I think that the discipline led to my success."

Peter Kays, a Charlottetown alderman and president of the Island's Canadian-Lebanese Association, estimates that 90% of the Island Lebanese are independent businessmen. Kays runs the family grocery store his father started in 1916—one of many food stores and restaurants owned by Lebanese in Charlottetown. As a rule, the Lebanese prefer not to work for others, take pride in ownership and believe strongly in the work ethic. And, as Frank Zakem, acting president of Holland College, points out, the immigrant families were used to surviving on very little. "That first generation had to work just to stay alive in Lebanon with little else to show," he says. "Here, if they worked hard, there was just more to get."

Most Lebanese say there never was prejudice directed against them, aside



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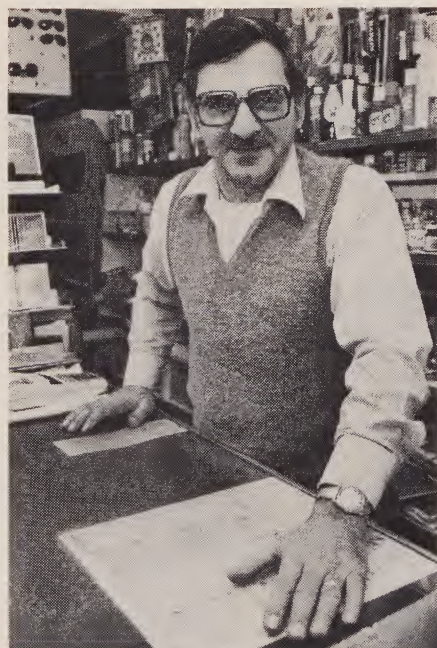
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RICHARD FURLONG

Alderman Kays in the family grocery store

from some schoolyard name-calling. When Zakem ran for mayor of Charlottetown in the mid-Seventies, however, there were mutterings about "outside influences" and about the Lebanese taking over. Zakem won the election, but he decided not to seek a second term: His brothers had gone into the real estate business, and he was determined that the city's first Lebanese politician wouldn't

be associated with even the appearance of conflict of interest.

Joe Ghiz once feared that his ethnic background might be a political liability on the Island. Now he says that ethnic origins are no longer an issue; Islanders are ready for a political leader from a minority group.

Through the years, the Lebanese have always tried to blend in with other Islanders. Instead of keeping their Eastern Orthodox and Catholic Orthodox faith, they joined the Island's Catholic and Anglican churches. Many married non-Lebanese Islanders (Ghiz is married to a woman of Scottish descent) and led quiet, business-oriented lives.

"The Lebanese community is not as organized as non-Lebanese think," Zakem says. It was only after a new influx of immigrants in 1963 that the Canadian-Lebanese Association started. One of its functions is to organize annual New Year's festivities—a marriage of the Lebanese New Year party, with traditional dances, and the Island custom of the levee. Typically, 40% of this year's guests were non-Lebanese. The association also sponsors a summer school in Charlottetown to teach children Arabic customs and language. But in the home, few Lebanese speak Arabic or even understand it. In Ray Solomon's family, the language disappeared in the first generation to arrive on the Island. Solomon is a retired businessman and former mayor of Georgetown whose father,

Peter, came to the Island at the turn of the century, making a living first as a photographer and later as the owner of a grocery store. As the years passed, Solomon recalls, his father forgot his mother tongue because he had so few chances to use it. When letters came from Lebanon, he'd take them to Frank Zakem—one of the few Islanders who know Arabic—to translate.

The Lebanese culture does survive in the celebration of Easter (families visit throughout the day, exchanging traditional greetings: "The Lord has risen" and "He has truly risen") and in the Middle Eastern food. Broad beans, chick peas and okra are used extensively, as are the haunting flavors of the Middle East—coriander, cumin, saffron, cloves. The flat pita bread is still popular, although no one on the Island seems to make it anymore, and desserts are sweet with honey—*filo* dough and nut pastries, *halva* candy made from sesame seeds.

For the most part, though, the Lebanese, like many other immigrant groups, are seeing their traditional values and customs disappear as the second and third generation come to power and prominence. "The old traditions will go," Joe Weatherby says sadly. "The children couldn't care less. They're born here and just Canadian."

His son, Albert, a Charlottetown real estate agent, agrees. "We're too busy living in this country to worry about another," he says. — Ronald Gilbert

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This TV show's for (sssh!) kids

Switchback offers them a bit of everything: Audience participation, a zany host, rock music and live animals in the studio

The day CBC Halifax first broadcast its new children's television show for the Maritimes, viewers jammed Nova Scotia phone lines so badly, the phone company decided it had to start beefing up its Sunday morning staff. That early popularity shows no sign of fading. *Switchback*, a fast-paced, 90-minute program dedicated to the idea of audience participation, could become the most popular regional TV production since *Don Messer's Jubilee*.

The phone company estimates that 8,000 callers from *Switchback's* Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island audience try to get through to the show every Sunday morning. Since it began last November, close to 3,000 letters a week—fan mail and contest responses—pour into the Halifax production offices.

Dodi Robb, regional director for the CBC in the Maritimes, says the charm of the show lies in its local nature. "It has almost become a Sunday morning club for children in the Maritimes," she says. "It just wouldn't work as a network offering."

Young viewers phone the show to question studio guests such as sports stars and entertainers, enter contests or swap books, records and other belongings. Some kids actually get to see themselves on the screen. Every week, parts of the show are taped at schools, where students tell jokes, reel off tongue-twisters, sound off about parents and politicians.

In the studio, live animals—ranging from parrots to pumas—act as co-hosts with Stan Johnson, 33, a former TV reporter who's becoming something of a celebrity in his new job.

Switchback is aimed at young people aged eight to 16, but its regular features, including a Thirties adventure film series, pull in adult viewers at an hour (8:30 a.m.) that isn't exactly prime time. Official ratings for the first three shows say the program drew 90% of the audience for that time period.

Robb, who's also a writer for children's theatre, developed the idea for *Switchback* when she was network head of children's programming. Research suggested the Sunday morning slot because the only competition would be what Robb calls "the soul diet of evangelical shows." She also decided that the



Johnson: A show with "wit and weirdness"

key ingredient would be viewer involvement: Children would be able to hear their own names and see themselves and their friends on TV.

"I remember doing the same thing when I was young," Robb says, "only then, we were glued to the radio, waiting to hear a birthday announcement or if we'd won a contest."

The other guiding principle was that the program would recognize the sophistication of its audience. On *Switchback*, the words "kids" and "children" are taboo, and the program features rock music and current events rather than children's songs and nursery rhymes.

An experimental *Switchback* went on air in Vancouver in January, 1981. When Robb moved to Halifax a few months later, she brought the format with her. "I knew I had the right focus and the right time slot," she says. "All I needed was the right host."

She found what she wanted in the irreverent Stan Johnson, who describes himself as "a 33-year-old trapped in a 12-year-old mind."

Johnson, born in Brantford, Ont., worked as a disc jockey and television reporter in Hamilton, Ont., Winnipeg and Halifax, specializing in the light side of the news. When he moved to *Switchback*, his popularity grew with the success of the program. The *Switchback* crew just has to show up at a school, to have students flocking around, looking for autographs. Fans have been known to chase his car and send him love letters.

One 14-year-old announced she wants to marry him and raise eight kids. (Johnson already has a wife, Wendy, who works for CBC's evening news show, and two sons.)

The rest of the small staff, who produce *Switchback* for \$2,000 a week, are producer John Nowlan, formerly with the CBC's supertime show in Charlottetown; two production assistants, Alice Porter and Milt Isnor; and Pam Alexander, who wades through the mail and sends out weekly *Switchback* magazines, buttons and T-shirts.

Halifax's version of *Switchback* has evolved far beyond the Vancouver prototype, the only other show of its kind now on the air in Canada. The animal co-hosts and special visual effects are Halifax innovations. Johnson says they've added "wit and weirdness" to the Maritime show. It must be a successful formula. The Halifax production gets three or four times as many letters as the Vancouver one, in a market that's a quarter the size of Vancouver's.

Although *Switchback* started as a 13-week experiment, its success has guaranteed it will continue next year. Because there's no CBC television outlet in New Brunswick, it's not yet available there, although negotiations are under way with station CHSJ in Saint John.

And other broadcast regions, including Newfoundland, are studying the *Switchback* format, with the thought of trying to duplicate the Maritimes' shining model of success.

— Susan Murray

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MUSIC

Shirley Eikhard's farewell to singing fame

Her career started to sizzle when she was only a teen-ager. Now she's giving up the celebrity life—gladly—to write songs for other stars

From the time she was in her early teens, Shirley Eikhard has been teetering on the brink of stardom: Singing before a national television audience at 14. Selling more than 10,000 copies of her first record album at 15. Winning two Juno awards as Canada's top female country singer by the time she was 18.

After such a promising start, this girl from Sackville, N.B., might have been expected to be another Anne Murray by now. But today, at 26, she still hasn't taken that final step over the top. Why? For one thing, she's never been entirely comfortable with fame.

In the late Seventies, she released three albums and three singles (one song, a version of the Fleetwood Mac tune "Say You Love Me," became a hit in 1976), sang the theme song for a Stanley Kramer film, toured Canada with American singer Lou Rawls.

"It was first-class treatment all the

way," she recalls, "but I found that I didn't really enjoy all the fringe benefits that went along with being famous, like being given preferred treatment and people recognizing you wherever you go. You're treated like something porcelain."

In the late Seventies, feeling dissatisfied with her career, she tried dumping the managers who had been trying desperately to make her fit their image of her. She also changed her image—lost weight, put on makeup and slinky jumpsuits. Then the penny dropped.

"I remember waking up in a big hotel suite in Edmonton, Alberta, on a cross-country tour," she says. "I had the best of everything, and I was lonely. I didn't like it. I mean, I enjoyed the singing, but I didn't like all the other things that went along with it."

Then she realized that what she really wanted to do was to go back to her first love—songwriting.

Eikhard wrote her first song at age

11, three years after she moved with her family to Oshawa, Ont. By the time she was 17, she'd composed more than 50 songs, some of them recorded by such stars as Anne Murray and Chet Atkins, and she subsequently won two BMI songwriting awards. "The neatest thing is after singing a brand-new song I've written, and someone comes up to me and says, 'I loved that song—what was it called?' That means more to me than if they were to say, 'You're a fantastic singer.' I never pick a song to perform or record because I'm going to sing it great. I always consider the song the star, rather than myself."

After her 1977 tour, Eikhard took some time off, and then spent two years travelling to Atlanta, Nashville and Los Angeles, writing and recording demonstration tapes, which she presented to publishing firms and singers' managers. "My ultimate goal is to be the Carole Bayer Sager [the Los Angeles composer] of Canada," she says. "To be at the level where an Emmylou Harris or a Kim Carnes would call me up and say that she needed a new song."



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STEVE BEHAL

like to go back there and buy a farm. I'm becoming a much more basic person—I used to be so complicated. Unlike the countless distractions in downtown Toronto, it's quiet there...like how I would like to be."

She'd also like to be a well-established songwriter by the time she's 30. She still loves to sing, especially before a live audience. "Performing still gives me a buzz," she says. But she likes the freedom and challenge of songwriting. "As a singer, you can only sing one type of song. If you don't,

it's considered that you have no focus. Whereas if you are a songwriter, it's considered to be out of focus to write exclusively in one style, because that is seen as being limited. I love folk, jazz, rock and country music, so as a writer I would be free to compose different songs for different people.

"The challenge comes in saying something in a new way, never heard before.

Each time you sit down to write it starts anew. Songwriting horrifies me. It's not a natural state. It's 100% perspiration, at least until you get rolling. Then the inspiration starts to flow.

"Essentially, the trick is to let the inspiration get you in touch with those innermost feelings, the ones you are afraid to look at, let alone admit to. To express those feelings in a creative way is to become a mirror for people. The ultimate satisfaction is to express those feelings musically in a way that truly moves people."

Eikhard couldn't have picked a better time to switch careers. Her most successful songs were written in the country-pop vein, and that happens to be the most popular music on the radio today.

As a singer, she has a voice with an enormous range and a versatile style that allows her to perform country, jazz and popular tunes. But she started out writing and singing country 15 years ago. "I'm like the Barbara Mandrell song," she chuckles. "I was country when country wasn't cool."

She's already submitted songs to country star Emmylou Harris, and she wants to write for Ronnie Milsap, Linda Ronstadt and—naturally—Canada's most successful country-pop artist, Anne Murray. The same Anne Murray who in 1971 recorded Shirley Eikhard's tune "It Takes Time" and helped launch her on the road to fame.

— Rob Williams

Eikhard: "I always consider the song the star"

In the meantime, to pay the rent, she'll continue to sing, on her own terms—recording a new single, taping guest spots on 10 different network TV shows, performing this spring at bars and concert halls across the Atlantic provinces.

Although she now lives in Toronto, she says she feels an affinity for the Maritimes because "the pace is slow. I'd



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Oil rig safety: A hit or miss affair

Some crewmen go through a tough survival training program before they set foot on an oil rig. Others are totally unprepared for the hazards of life at sea

One by one, the men walk off the diving board, hit the water in the swimming pool feet first, struggle to get into lifejackets and scramble aboard a rubber liferaft.

The men are taking part in a three-week, marine safety course run by the College of Fisheries, Navigation, Marine Engineering and Electronics in St. John's, Nfld. Before the course is over, they'll learn how to fight large oil fires, standing downwind from the flames; grope their way through thick smoke among the passageways and ladders of a simulated ship; and row up and down St. John's harbor, practising the art of manoeuvring lifeboats. They'll also be trained in first aid, sea survival and search and rescue procedures.

Since the marine emergency duties (MED) program started in 1964, thou-

necessary—Ocean Drilling and Exploration Co., owner of the Ocean Ranger, the giant rig that sank in a fierce February storm on the Grand Banks, sending all 84 men on board to their deaths.

Just before the Ranger disaster, drilling superintendent Jimmy Counts noted that the rig had its own on-board safety program, conducted by an industrial relations officer schooled in such fields as first aid and firefighting.

Strong says this isn't enough. "There's a limit to what can be done on board because it's done in a man's spare time," he says. "If he's worked a 12-hour day, he's not very receptive to training. And there are many things that can't be done on board the rig, such as actual firefighting."

Offshore rig work has always been regarded as dangerous, but mainly

sequently ordered that, as of Jan. 1, 1982, all full-time crew members on Norwegian ships and rigs must have survival training. The directorate approved the St. John's MED program, and Norwegian rigs drilling off eastern Canada began training crews there.

This winter, Zapata Offshore Drilling, which previously had paid \$40,000 in tuition fees to put the crew of its Norwegian rig on the Grand Banks through the MED program, tightened up its safety standards even further. Now it will hire only men who've completed the MED course. Bow Valley Offshore requires employees to complete the course, although not necessarily before being hired. SEDCO Drilling didn't insist on crewmen attending the classes, but it was willing to pay its employees' tuition costs. Harvey Offshore, year-round personnel agents for three drillships that carry on summer operations on the Labrador shelf, also put some of its employees through the MED program.

It's not known whether the Ranger's safety record was worse than that of other rigs, even though men working on the Grand Banks oilfields used to call it the "Ocean Danger." But people with experience on the rig tell of lifeboat drills that consisted usually of walking to an assigned boat station every Sunday at 1 p.m.; of lifeboat motors that failed to start and lifeboat seatbelts that failed to fasten; of fire drills that consisted of 10 roustabouts spraying water overboard; of fire alarms that were inaudible most of the time.

At the time the Ranger went down, only the federal government had passed regulations on training and safety drills for offshore workers. The Canada Oil and Gas Regulations, made under the Oil and Gas Production and Conservation Act, require the rig operator to ensure that all personnel are properly trained and that regular safety drills are carried out. But the regulations do not state what the training or drills have to involve. Newfoundland's proposed regulations, which had not been passed by late this winter, contain equally vague requirements.

Jack Strong of the MED program says the unique hazards at sea make emergency training mandatory for offshore workers. "If you have a fire on shore, you dial the fire department," he says. "If you're 50 miles offshore, there's no fire department. If your house is on fire, you run into the street. What are you going to do at sea? You can't walk away from it. You've got to know how to inflate a liferaft or launch a lifeboat. And now that you've escaped, you've got to survive and be rescued." — **Pat Roche**



Rescue drill in pool: Training on rigs isn't enough

sands of merchant sailors, fishermen and oil rig workers have taken the survival course. The man in charge of the program, Capt. Jack Strong, says it should be compulsory for all offshore oil workers. "I think a lot of people would probably like to do it on a voluntary basis," he says, "but there are a lot of people and a lot of companies who won't do it on a voluntary basis and have to be regulated into it."

This winter, because Canadian government regulations are vague about the kind of safety training offshore workers must have, some oil rig workers went to sea armed with the MED training program, and some had no training at all. Most of the drilling companies operating out of St. John's gave at least lip service to the MED program. But one company said such training was un-

because crewmen work with heavy equipment that can cause serious injury or death if something goes wrong. But the greatest difference between working land rigs and offshore rigs is often overlooked: If disaster strikes on a land rig, workers can escape by walking away. Until recently, little attention has been paid to the biggest peril stalking offshore workers—the sea.

Marine safety became a hot issue in Norway two years ago, after an even worse disaster than the Ocean Ranger sinking—the North Sea accident in which 123 men aboard the Norwegian Alexander L. Kieland perished when the rig's platform capsized in seven-metre waves. A Norwegian commission of inquiry found that 136 men aboard the Kieland had had no emergency training. The Norwegian Maritime Directorate sub-

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Can Mount A keep the union at bay?

Faculty unions across Canada are waiting to find out if the N.B. university's battle to decertify its bargaining unit could set a legal precedent for them all

Mount Allison University of Sackville, N.B., a century-old liberal arts institution with ties to the United Church, has no plans to set up a Jewish theological seminary along the lines of Yeshiva University of New York. But every day, Mount A's administration prays that the University soon will become known as the Yeshiva of Canada. Two years ago, Yeshiva exorcized from its campus what is to Mount Allison and many universities an evil presence—a faculty union. In a landmark decision,

being heard before the New Brunswick IRB in Fredericton, dates back to February, 1981. Last summer, the IRB declared that the Mount Allison Faculty Association had won a close certification vote. The administration then asked for a ruling on whether the faculty was management. Since then, as hearing followed hearing, the eyes of faculty unions across Canada have turned nervously to Fredericton.

Victor Sim of Ottawa, associate executive secretary of the Canadian Association of University Teachers (CAUT), says the Mount Allison case has already lasted longer than any other. CAUT, not a union, is helping the faculty association in its bid to become one. Sim says faculty unions have existed in Canada for 10 years, a majority of campuses have them, and they're working well. In Alberta and British Columbia, faculty unions as such are outlawed, but even there, professors bargain collectively.

Sim calls the Mount Allison contention that its faculty is management "nonsense." But if the university wins its case, he says, this could cause problems for other Canadian faculty unions. (Mount Allison's is the first case where the argument over management has been the central issue.) The Yeshiva case has not been applied in the U.S. to universities receiving public funds. Therefore, Sim says, it should not be so applied in Canada.

"Yeshiva is a private institution and the Supreme Court ruling has had no effect in the U.S. on universities receiving state funds," he says. "In Canada, all universities receive provincial funds." Public

money accounts for something less than 70% of Mount Allison's revenues. Furthermore, Sim says, the Yeshiva faculty apparently did perform some management functions.

Mount A's administration is counting heavily on the Yeshiva case as a precedent. It imported witnesses such as Gerald Bodner, the lawyer for Yeshiva, and Carol Manzoni, the lawyer for the University of Albuquerque in New Mexico, which used the Yeshiva ruling to bring

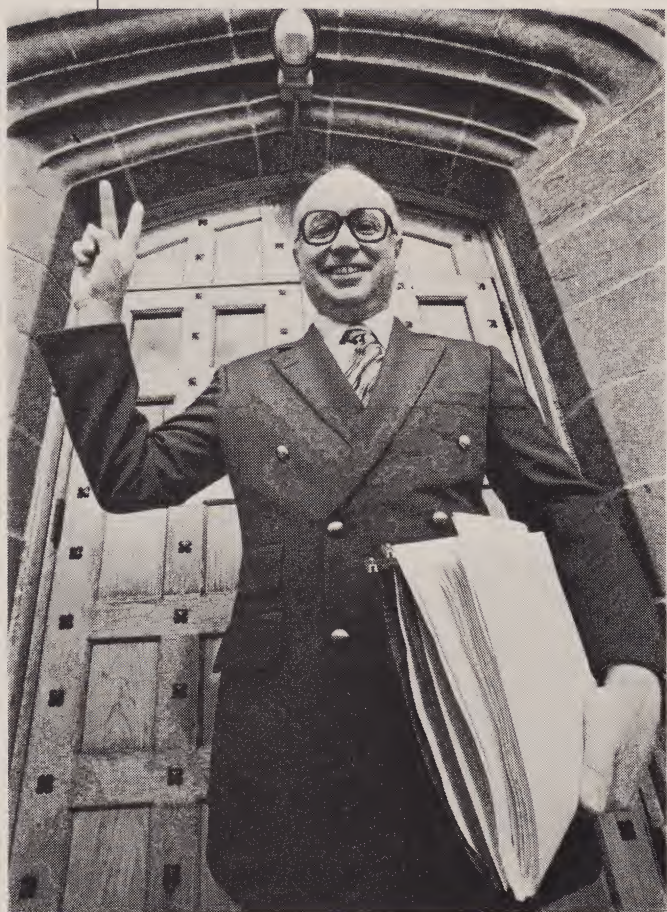
about decertification of its faculty union. Tom Goff, head of Mount Allison's sociology department and a leading union foe, says Yeshiva is a valid precedent. "The management role of the faculty there was only in academic matters," he says. "Here the faculty has a role in both academic and financial matters." He says Mount Allison has developed a "consultative process" in which faculty is an integral part of management. Goff notes that a faculty council was set up in 1980 to facilitate this process although pro-unionists never gave it a chance to prove itself.

George DeBenedetti, assistant economics professor and union president, says the university administration consulted the faculty council on various issues but, in the end, ignored it. He says a majority of professors and librarians want a union so they will know "the terms and conditions of their employment, which, after 100 years, should be written down." Mount Allison's professors were the "lowest paid in Canada" and received only a 4% raise in 1980. When they formed the union, the raise went to 15% in 1981. He says faculty members do not "hire or fire" or have any management responsibilities.

Mount Allison, always a tight-knit community with enrolments never above the current 1,540, is almost evenly split over the union issue. DeBenedetti estimates that the faculty association signed 60% of the eligible membership of 147 to union cards, but last spring requested a vote so there would be no doubt it had a majority. In Goff's mind, doubt persists. The union and administration agreed on a voters' list, lopping off 30 names, mostly of people whose employment was supposed to terminate at the end of that school year. The union then won the vote 57 to 49. But Goff says many people couldn't vote, including some of the 30 who were rehired and 12 professors away on sabbatical leave, so that the outcome was not an accurate reflection of campus feelings.

Feelings on both sides are so strong that even when the IRB renders its judgment this spring, the case will probably be referred to the courts. Goff says, "I'm a New Democrat and people wonder how a New Democrat can oppose a union. I'm not against unions, in an industrial setting. But I don't think they have a place in a university situation." On the other side, Victor Sim of CAUT says the union won't make its decision about an appeal until it sees the IRB judgment. But there's too much at stake nationally not to pursue the case to the limit. Stay tuned.

— Jon Everett



SHAMAL MITRA

Union president George DeBenedetti

the United States Supreme Court ruled that Yeshiva's faculty had management duties and therefore was not eligible to form a union. Mount Allison hopes to set the same legal precedent in Canada.

For years, certification hearings for Canadian faculty unions have been little more than academic exercises. Unions from 28 universities came before their provincial industrial relations boards, indicated they had majority support and were certified. The Mount Allison case,

PUBLISHER'S LETTER

It's our anniversary; let's damn the doomsayers

A recent editorial in *The Globe and Mail* cautions: "The grim economic climate in this country affects all Canadians and all provinces."

In an Atlantic region survey, 32% of businessmen questioned reported that they expected to sell out, close down, declare bankruptcy, or be forced into receivership if interest rates remain at high levels for another year or two.

Meanwhile, the Royal Bank groans about a 1982 first quarter profit of more than \$80 million! All Canadians are equal, but some Canadians are more equal than others.

We can take some heart from the 1982 Perspective offered by the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council (*Atlantic Insight*, Jan. 1982); "If viewed from a longer range perspective, 1982 can be seen as a pause in economic activity preceding a period of significant real growth." In other words, Hang In.

But to just "Hang In" is passive. Better to fight back! Accentuate the positive. That's always been our credo at *Atlantic Insight*. We believe in the future of Canada, in a bright, golden future for Atlantic Canada. We have faith. And not just in the philosophic sense. We're talking chicken-in-the-pot, dollars-in-the-pocket faith. Real terms.

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We accept the fact of rising prices at work the way we have to at home. As the price of bread goes up, so goes the price of paper. As the price of gasoline rises, so goes the cost of printing. And we all know about the incredible (although maybe essential) escalation in postal rates. Consider: This year we'll have to pump about \$120,000 into Canada Post!

Nothing has really changed, except the numbers. It's been this way since our first issue, back in April 1979. The magazine you are now reading is our third anniversary edition.

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HARRY FLEMMING'S COLUMN

What's in a name? Almost everything

Just ask Amor de Cosmos (alias William Smith). Or Adolf Schicklgruber. Or how about Spangler Arlington Brugh?

What's in a name? that which we call a rose

By any other name would smell as sweet.

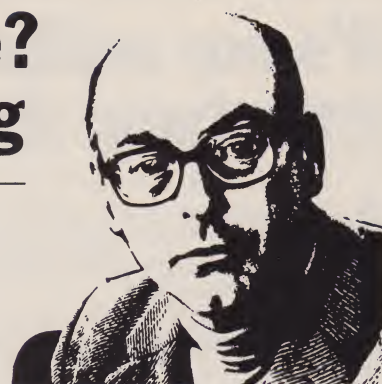
Juliet was correct in her logic, but faulty in her knowledge. It was precisely because her name was Capulet and Romeo's Montague that their lamentable, immortal tragedy occurred. What's in a name? If less than everything, then much, much more than nothing.

That's why young reporters are told, "Get their names right." It's good advice. A person can forgive almost anything except having his name misspelled. I still recall, 18 years later, my first byline in *The Globe and Mail*. It came out "Harold Fleming." As I testily told the desk in a postscript to my next dispatch, my mother christened me Harry, as did Mrs. Truman with her little Harry. I also reminded them that most of us Maritime Flemings used the double *m*, even if most Ontario Flemings didn't.

Be it ever so humble (Uriah Heep), be it ever so common (John Smith), be it ever so mildly titillating (Peter Cockburn), everyone takes his name seriously. No Outhouse was ever amused by Barnstable humor when it was at the expense of his name. Puns are a low form of wit; they descend when they encompass a man's name. Thus, it wasn't John Diefenbaker's finest minute when he said an earnest oration was "a Hellyer of a speech," or when he asked Dalton how "the Camp followers" were doing in their crusade to dump him.

Diefenbaker had good reason to reflect on names. He often said that his political rise would have been faster (he lost his first seven elections) had he borne the Scottish name of his mother, Bannerman, rather than the German name of his father. His opponents were almost equal to Diefenbaker at punning. The bomb shelter built for The Chief in the late Fifties inevitably became the Diefenbunker, and the 92 1/2-cent dollar he was forced to accept in 1962 just as inevitably became the Diefendollar.

It was with these random thoughts in mind that I nodded sympathetically when I read a letter to the editor of *The Chronicle-Herald* from one Stan Farnsworth of Lakeside, Halifax County. He wanted to know "why it is that movies, and TV producers, cartoonists, and even authors, use the name 'Farnsworth' so



often for characters in their presentations. I would not mind so much if the fictional character using this surname would not always seem to be some kind of oddball."

It was a *cri de coeur*: "Couldn't they pick on another name for a change? How about Smith?" Mr. Farnsworth's point is well taken. Why should his name—or any other—automatically be taken to suggest eccentricity? Still, Mr. Farnsworth could have it worse. His name could be Quisling. Or Slade. When I was a boy attending B western movies, every villain, it seems in retrospect, was named Slade. Whenever I meet my nice friend Ron Slade, I get the unsettling thought that he and all his ilk deserve to be thrashed by Gene Autry for working their wicked wills on sweet Sally Bishop.

First names, too, carry their emotive baggage. Luckily, L.B. Pearson's mates in the Royal Flying Corps transformed fey Lester into manly Mike. Clearly, A Boy Named Sue had to learn to look after himself, but how many little Marvins, Melvins, Percys, Huberts and Herberts had to endure the taunts of bigger and tougher boys? And imagine, if you will, *those* sissy handles being attached to surnames like Sweet, Lovely, Pretty and Precious. God, even a Queen's scout would want to beat up those boys.

Call me Ishmael, if you will, but spare me Benjamin, Oswald and Irving. Given my druthers, I'd settle for Steve, Rock or Andre.

Girls have it just as rough. There's still a few Minervas, Minnies and Mavis to hang around with the overripe Olives, Blossoms, Magnolias, Daisys and Pansys—what boys would have them? Of more durable stuff are the Jewels, Opals, Pearls, Rubys and Sapphires—though their hearts are made of gold, few are the unpaid suitors for their charms.

Parents who name their daughters Faith, Hope and Charity—not to mention Chastity—are thinking more wishfully than wisely. But even these girls are better off than some of their early American sisters. J.C. Furnas writes in *The Americans: A Social History of the United States*: "Puritans thought it nothing out of the way to name girls Deliverance Legg and Fear Brewster; boys

had Preserved, Wrestling, Increase inflicted on them..." Naming children after obscure Old Testament figures—Eliphallet, Zephaniah, Ozias, Ithiel, Elkanah—was, Furnas says, another early American cult "for no better reason than that the context was holy."

Holy or otherwise, no one is forced to suffer forever a context he finds vexing. History abounds in people who shuffled off their names for others more to their coil. Perhaps Canada's best-known switcher was a Windsor, N.S., native with the prosaic name of William Smith. Moving west and finding favor with God and man, he became Amor de Cosmos, premier of British Columbia from 1872 to 1874.

Entertainers, of course, are notorious name-changers. *The Complete Unabridged Super Trivia Encyclopedia* lists no fewer than 210 show biz personalities who decided they could do better. They were probably right. Could Judy Garland have done as well as Frances Gumm? Could Marion Morrison have become The Duke, John Wayne? Would you believe Robert Taylor as Spangler Arlington Brugh? Diana Dors as Diana Fluck? Whatever.

Athletes don't so much change their names as acquire nicknames—not all of them complimentary. The great pitcher Jerome Herman (or Jay Hanna, he claimed both) Dean revelled in being Dizzy, but it's uncertain whether his subdued brother Paul liked being Daffy. Even more questionable is whether another right-handed pitcher, Hollis Thurston, enjoyed his nickname, Sloppy. The deaf outfielder William Ellsworth Hoy would surely have chosen anything other than Dummy, had he been able to talk. And what can anyone say of boxer Bummy Davis or football coach Bum Phillips?

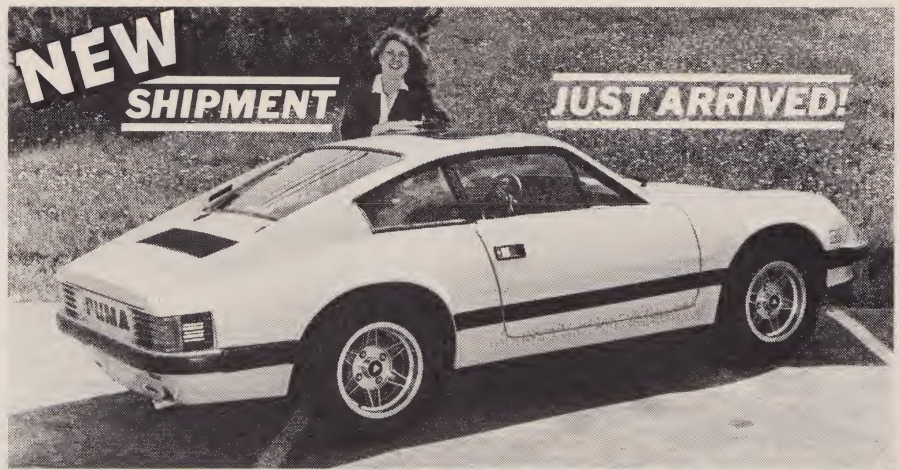
Names, love-struck Juliet to the contrary, are important. Consider how the course of world history might have been altered if an illegitimate, middle-aged Austrian had not changed his name to that of his putative father. Thirteen years later, on April 20, 1889, the wife of the man who had been Alois Schicklgruber gave birth to a son. His name was Adolf Hitler. Heil Schicklgruber? ☒

FEEDBACK

A step back for landlords and tenants

I was disappointed to read, in Harry Fleming's column (*Tenants Outnumber Landlords*....Feb.), of the decision by the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia to withdraw the powers of the Residential Tenancies Board. The Supreme Court has taken Nova Scotia a giant step backward in dealing with landlord/tenant disputes. Surely the decision will be reviewed and the powers of the board restored. If not, both landlords and tenants will lose.

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OPINION

Parks are for people, too

Trouble is, Parks Canada finds bears easier to deal with. That's one reason its national parks policy is a disaster for Atlantic Canada

By Paul Pross

Canada's national park system is one of the best in the world. With incredible foresight, Ottawa set aside for the use of the general public enormous tracts of wilderness that today might otherwise be the preserve of lumber companies. It has saved our most spectacular scenic spots from commercialism. And it has done a great deal to help us all retain a sense of our past.

Unfortunately, even the most far-sighted of institutions has its blind spots, and Parks Canada is no exception. The problem is that parks policy is more concerned with nature than with people. It seems that to officials in Parks Canada, a park isn't a park unless it is overwhelmingly endowed with rushing streams, awesome peaks, impenetrable forests and lots of bears and black flies to keep us humans in line. Wilderness is the name of the game, and heaven help any citizen (like Jackie Vautour, who refuses to accept the fact that his land has been

expropriated for Kouchibouguac National Park) who stands in the way.

This obsession with wilderness is rooted in Parks Canada's own origins. Our national parks system started in western Canada, where it was relatively easy for the government to set aside large tracts of land for parks. As time passed, it became clear that it also made good environmental and business sense. If these lands had not been preserved, commercial activity would eventually have destroyed much of the scenic beauty of the Rockies—beauty that millions of tourists now pay good money to see.

As if this were not enough to convince Parks officials that the best park is a wilderness park, a series of bitter disputes with cottagers and tourist operators in some of the older parks convinced them that bears were a lot easier to deal with than people. Henceforth, they vowed, any new park would have the people removed—preferably by provincial authorities—before Parks Canada would



DAVID NICHOLS

Pross: We need cultural landscape parks

set up any of its rustic signs or clear a campground.

For those of us who have the idea that people are just as interesting as warblers and whooping cranes, Parks Canada established the Historic Sites Branch and gave us such impeccable restorations as Louisbourg. Even in that context, though, ordinary human mess and clutter has been tidied up and put



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away. Anyone familiar with Lunenburg's fisheries museum before and after its association with Parks Canada will know what I mean. The place has been freeze-dried. No salt fish would dare spread their tangy odor on that wharf today.

Perhaps these policies work in the west and the north. In Atlantic Canada they have been disastrous. In order to create wilderness parks here, Parks Canada has had to destroy communities and deprive their former residents of their livelihood. The mere hint that a national park is planned for an area is enough to send affected communities into paroxysms of protest. Jackie Vautour's protest at Kouchibouguac in New Brunswick, though the most dramatic, is not unique. Feeling ran so high in Prince Edward Island some years ago that Premier Campbell publicly tore to shreds a federal-provincial agreement that would have established the East Point National Park. Gros Morne in Newfoundland and Kouchibouguac were established only after great difficulties. Nova Scotians repeatedly rebuffed proposals for parks on the LaHave Islands and the Eastern Shore.

These protests are understandable. Who wants to see the family home burnt and bulldozed into nothing? Who wants to give up farm, fishing ground and woodlot so that tourists can play? True, Parks Canada has recently changed its policies: Residents may now stay in their former homes until they die or move

away voluntarily. But this is cold comfort. Imagine coping with the problems of old age in a community that is shrinking before your eyes.

In this confrontation between national policy and local need, nothing is more tragic than the fact that it is all totally unnecessary. It is quite possible for parks and people to live side by side. They do in other countries, and they could do so here if Parks Canada could be convinced that a national park does not have to be either a wilderness area or a historic site.

The kind of park I have in mind is called by specialists a "cultural landscape park." It is based on the idea that human beings, in using the land and in living in rural areas, can work with nature to create a pleasing landscape. There are many such landscapes in Atlantic Canada. Think of your favorite beach. Is it all rocks, sand and distant trees? Or is nature complemented by rolling fields, houses, wharfs and boats? These scenes—not vast stretches of fake wilderness—are what make this region so appealing to visitors. We should be making the most of them, not destroying them.

What is involved in creating a cultural landscape park? Basically it consists of a patchwork quilt of publicly and privately owned lands. The Lake District in England is a good example. There, a great deal of land is held by the National Trust and other bodies. Much of it has been reforested; some properties have

been turned into museums (for example, Beatrix Potter's home at East Sawrey), while others are rented out, under fairly stringent conditions, to local people. Cheek by jowl with these publicly owned properties are private lands.

From the bureaucrat's point of view, cultural landscape parks are much more difficult to administer than the present national parks, but not impossible. Nova Scotia's Peggy's Cove is a case in point. There, municipal government regulations are superseded by more stringent regulations intended to preserve this landmark. The rules are made by a commission composed partly of provincial government officials and partly of elected representatives. There are similar arrangements in the area around Sherbrooke Village and Louisbourg. The system isn't perfect. It's awkward to administer and it constrains property owners. But it works, and these places today are real communities, not make-believe.

Several times in the last few years Parks Canada has been urged to adopt the concept of cultural landscape parks and so avoid confrontations like those at Kouchibouguac. As far as I know, this advice has been rejected. Perhaps the time has come for provincial governments to take a hand in developing parks policy. ☒

Paul Pross is a professor in the School of Public Administration, Dalhousie University.

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It's hockey month in Newfoundland

Canada's best juvenile hockey players, facing off this month in St. John's, represent the game's new, improved image. It's cleaner, better organized, more professional—and maybe less fun

When St. John's juvenile hockey goalie Paul Kenny played in the national midget hockey tournament in Ontario two years ago, his team learned a hard lesson: The competition out there—especially in the big cities of Quebec and Ontario—is tough. "We figured they'd be ordinary like us," Kenny says of the competing teams. "They were just like professionals."

This month, Kenny's competing in another national tournament, this time on his own turf. His team, the St. John's Juveniles, will be host for the second

BUCHHEIT/PHOTON



Parrott: Everybody wants to be a Gretzky

annual national juvenile hockey championship sponsored by Kentucky Fried Chicken Ltd., featuring almost 100 young players (aged 16 and 17) from across Canada. As host, St. John's automatically enters a team, while provincial and

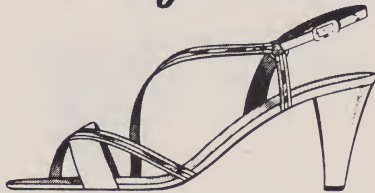
regional playoffs determine the Atlantic, central, western and Pacific top teams. This time, Kenny says, "we'll be ready."

For Newfoundland players, one of the biggest problems in developing a strong team is the lack of good competition. To find tough challengers, Kenny's team has to travel 678 km to Corner Brook. If the players lived in Toronto, Kenny observes, they'd have their pick of 10 teams, often in the same arena.

But the juvenile scene in Newfoundland—as in the rest of Canada—is much healthier than it was five years ago. In Calgary, home of the 1981 juvenile champions, membership increased 25% this season. Five years ago, Newfoundland claimed one juvenile team. Today, there are teams in 16 communities. Juveniles used to be the only age group without a national competition. In some places, the juvenile category was considered the backwater of hockey because all the hotshot juvenile-aged players either made junior A or senior teams. Many juveniles dropped out of hockey entirely. The national championship, being held April 22 to 25 at St. John's Memorial Stadium, is "an incentive to keep kids playing," says Ron Robison of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association (CAHA).

In the Atlantic region, they're playing in greatest numbers in New Brunswick, home to 20,000 minor players (Nova Scotia has 17,000, Newfoundland, 15,000 and P.E.I., 4,000). New Brunswick hockey commissioner Ross Keenan says the calibre of minor hockey has improved in recent years. Having two American Hockey League teams in the province—the Moncton Hawks and the Fredericton Express—probably has helped. They hold free hockey clinics and generally "participate anyway they can" to develop

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minor hockey, Keenan says.

Ken Doucette, chairman of the P.E.I. Minor Hockey Council, says teams on the Island are "very competitive" until they play outside the region. "Then they get in trouble," he says. They're hurt by the high cost of travel and by ice rental costs of about \$70 an hour.

Money, in fact, is the dark side of minor hockey today. Outfitting each player costs about \$300 and some people fear the game could become a rich kids' sport. But if the highly organized sport of today has made hockey more expensive, it's also made the game safer and, perhaps, less violent.

Since the CAHA made face masks compulsory, face injuries have almost disappeared, says Brian Wakelin of St. John's, CAHA minor hockey chairman. Body checking is banned for peewees (aged 12) and under, although it's up to individual associations to enforce the rule. "We're seeing less and less violence," Wakelin says.

St. John's Juveniles player John Goss agrees that the rules reduce injuries, but he says they can also encourage dirty playing. When players don't wear masks, for example, other players tend to keep their sticks down; when the masks are on, players don't bother taking this precaution.

In the Sixties and Seventies, hockey violence became so bad, one editorial writer described it as a "neanderthal sport." In 1968, two New Brunswick teen-agers died, in separate incidents, from injuries sustained during games. The level of violence in both amateur and professional hockey produced several inquiries into the sport. A 1977 report from one of them, a Quebec government commission of inquiry, noted that violence wasn't restricted to the players. As an example, it cited an incident in which a group of mothers watching a minor game started a brawl among themselves—while their kids watched, crying.

Ambitious parents continue to hurt the sport, screaming, "Kill 'em," to their kids on the ice and hassling the coaches. "Sometimes I think I'd like to close the stadium door to keep parents out," says Joe Kenny, coach of the St. John's Juveniles.

Despite the influence of over-anxious parents, however, minor hockey has come a long way. Bill Parrott, a founding father of Newfoundland minor hockey and chairman of the juvenile championship, attributes the decline in violence to the emergence of National Hockey League players such as Wayne Gretzky, who emphasize skill rather than dirty play. "The kids imitate players like Gretzky," he says.

But Parrott worries that young players don't have as much fun as they used to, now that amateur hockey has such a professional outlook. Everyone, he says, wants to be a star. "Put them on ice," Parrott says, "and they're little Wayne Gretzkys." — Roma Senn

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In the whole catalogue of charm-ridden Atlantic villages so celebrated in song, story and regional magazine article, none stands closer to my own heart than Bung Hole Tickle on the wave-laved shores of G.D. Bay.

It was some dozen years ago on one of those perfect late-June days that I stumbled upon this sequestered hamlet and the magic realism of that moment would have taxed the brush of a Pratt (Chris, not Mary) or of a Colville. Many times since have I found myself drawn back to Bung Hole Tickle and never has its soul-soothing tranquillity failed to work its wonder on me. (Jet trails and asphalt highways have destroyed much of Newfoundland's precious, bucolic heritage yet B.H. Tickle clings to its isolation and is often confused by the postal service with such well-known centres of population here as Leading Tickle and Piper's Hole.)

It was the merciless big-city grind that first drove me blindly into that G.D. Bay haven. For all its veneer of suave, swinging sophistication, St. John's can also be granite-hard on those who seek of life the kind, the gentle, the meaningful, the puerile. Early on that late-June day I'd had an argument with my hard-nosed city editor. He'd accused me of writing an article, in exchange for \$20 and a bottle of Johnnie Walker, favorable to a shopping mall developer who'd proposed erecting over the Mary Queen of Peace Cemetery. I'd, in turn, explained to him that he was a dirty Mick and where else had he got that new chesterfield suite if not in return for all those editorials promoting the second Papist lieutenant-governor in succession...an unspeakable breach of custom here.

And so it was that I still spat teeth and blood, not much mollified by the few quick knees I'd been able to get in, as my motor car crested a hill and I suddenly came face to face with that gem of rustic serenity known as Bung Hole Tickle.

Wheeling gulls scribed peace on the blue vault and white terns fluttered and dipped in the ultramarine cup below. I stopped my car and strolled over to a low roadside knoll the better to take it all in. Also, as it had been a three-hour drive, to let it all out. Just then, from a dozen feet below, came a voice. It belonged to a sun-blessed, tow-headed child of 10 or 12 years of age who sat on a rock playing intently with some toy or other in its lap.

"Arrr, go fugg 'ee seff!" chirped the child in so pure an 18th-century Devonshire accent as it has ever been my

privilege to hear in Newfoundland.

"And good day to you, too, my little man," I replied. "Tell me, do I see a village fête in progress down there in what is presumably your natal seat?"

The child repeated its earlier greeting and added several other archaic endearments. I wished the little tyke likewise and set off down the narrow road toward a green near the beach where the villagers had assembled in midsummer revelry.

Snatching up my Nikon I skipped from my motor and approached the tableau. An elderly lady with indifferent dental work was being in some way honored. She reclined against a stout post while her neighbors laid tributes of kindling and dry brush at her feet.

Just then a rock a little larger than a gannet's egg glanced off my left temple and as I heard my windshield go a moment later I had the grace to blush. What business had I, a big-city slicker, to intrude on these simple folk unannounced and uninvited. Shamed, I drove quickly back up the hill even as smoke commenced to rise from their festal fire.

Yet, in the weeks and months ahead, my thoughts turned again and again to Bung Hole Tickle especially whenever the big-city grind threatened to get me down or the malevolence of the city editor weighed heavily upon me.

It was then I had the fortune to meet Professor Tory Archibald of the University, possibly the greatest authority on charm-ridden Atlantic villages we have.

From conversations with Dr. Archibald and with the great and good friends I made in Bung Hole Tickle as the strange bonds between it and me grew ever stronger, a full picture of that spikier Brigadoon emerged.

"Bung Hole, of course, from the orifice of a cask refers to the narrow entrance to that cove," explained Dr. Archibald, "whilst 'tickle,' a shallow, tide-rippled passage between island and mainland would also apply here."

So far as is known, the first inhabitants, five brothers and a sister of the Sunks family of Poole, England, established the community in the mid-1700s. The records are sketchy. In some versions the Sunks emigrated hastily after charges of sheep-stealing had been leveled; in others, deportation followed on rumors of interference with said livestock.

At any rate, the six Sunks appeared to have lived, multiplied and perished peacefully and uneventfully for the next 100 years or so in the little community they had carved from the wilderness.

The first census of 1856 reports that 18 Sunks families and, inexplicably, three families named Boggs were domiciled in Bung Hole Tickle together with their goods, chattels, "manifold sheep of inferior quality and an lyttle black fellow captured off an American frigate."

"The genetic pool there has never been much larger than your average pudding basin," Dr. Archibald said, "but therein lies the charm of the place, don't you think."

Not much else is recorded in the annals of Bung Hole Tickle until 1912 when a religious upheaval of sorts occurred. The little church is located on a bluff above the village so as to have a clear view of The Godsend Sunkers, a treacherous reef which has sent many a salvageable vessel to her doom.

In 1912, Bung Hole Tickle was under the pastoral charge of one Rev. Job Bales. When news of the *Titanic* disaster reached the village there were mutterings against Rev. Bales, and his theology was questioned. He later arrived in St. John's with both Achilles tendons cut and, after managing for some years a tattoo parlor on the seedier (if possible) end of Duckworth Street passed completely from the fabric of St. John's society.

"Arrr, bye, me grandpap told me 'ee war droonk as per usual and fell agin' a brandy bottle," a village friend has told me. "Eee war no man of God. We had a puffitly good iceberg lyin' that same night not one mile off the Tickle yonder...so where war she if Bales had good connection with He?"

Days come, days go, winters change to springs and springs to what passes for summers yet Bung Hole Tickle changes not. The womenfolk sit and gossip by their cottage doors in all seasons; the menfolk mull over the situation in Afghanistan or San Salvador and tend their sheep; the young ones are scarce.

For in the early years of the Smallwood era some overly-keen social worker convinced the menfolk that a vasectomy was part of the ritual connection with joining the Orange Lodge.

"A precious rustic backwater, no doubt about it," concludes the good Professor Archibald. "Still, we mustn't let Newfie chauvinism blind us here. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick boast as good or better—having the advantage of the Scottish and the French influences, don't you see."

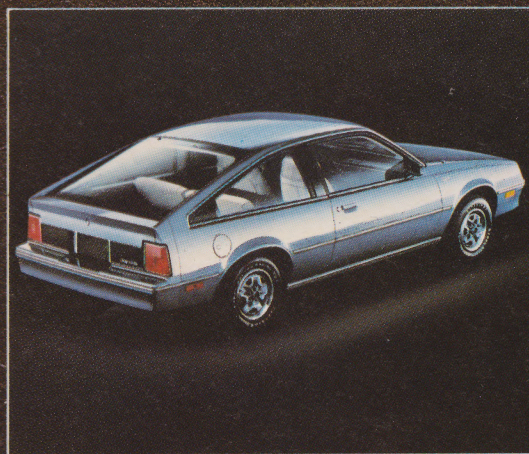
Nonetheless, it's Bung Hole Tickle for me, bye!

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